The Northern Lass,

OR,

The Nest of FOOLS.

A

COMEDY.

As it is now Acted

By Her Majesties Servants

At the *Theatre-Royal.*

With Prologue, Epilogue, and New Songs.

By *RICHARD BROME*, Gent.

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus, Mart.

The Sixth Impression.

LONDON:

Printed for *H. N.* and are to be Sold by *J. Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall.* 1706.

The Musick to this Play is Composed by Mr. *D. Purcel*; and Printed for *J. Walsh* at the *Harp* in *S. Catherine street* in the *Strand.*

To His Grace

CHARLES,

Duke of St. *Albans*, &c.

My Lord.

THERE *are ſome perhaps, who will condemn me of unpardonable Preſumption, for bringing this* Poor Northern Laſs *into your Grace's Preſence; who has run ſo many Riſques, and undergone ſo many Viciſſitudes of Fortune. But tho' to Vulgar and Injudicious Eyes ſhe may not appear ſo Polite and Gallantly dreſt, as ſome of her more modern Siſters; yet your* Grace's *Juſt and Diſtinguiſhing, Judgment which is as far Superiour to them in Penetration, as your Illuſtrious Character diſtinguiſhes you from them in* Title *and* Dignity, *is not in the leaſt affected with ſuch gaudy Vapours, but directly carried unto real Merit. In her very* Infancy *ſhe had the Univerſal Approbation of thoſe Judicious* Wits *that were Aſcendant at the time of her Nativity; and there was never any perſon yet ſo invidious as not to acknowledge her both* Virtuous *and* Facetious. *She ſucceſsfully ſtood the Teſt of the moſt rigid and ſevere* Criticks *of that Age, wherein our Stage ſo glorioufly flouriſhed, and the* Engliſh Drama *arrived to ſuch great Perfection; even in the time of the Immortal* BEN, *to whom her* Parent *was once both* Servant *and* Diſciple, *and on whom he gratefully and generouſly wrote the following* Encomium;

I had you for a Servant, once, *Dick Brome*;
And you perform'd a Servant's faithful parts:

Now, you are got into a nearer room,
Of *Fellowship*, professing my old Arts.
And you do do them well, with good Applause,
Which you have justly gained from the *Stage*,
By Observation of those *Comick* Laws
Which I, your *Master*, first did teach the Age.
You learn'd it well; and for it serv'd your time,
A *Prenticeship*; which few do now adays.
Now each Court Hobby-Horse will wince in Rhime;
Both learned and unlearned, all write *Plays*.
It was not so of old: Men took up Trades
That knew the Crafts they had been bred in, right;
An honest *Bilbo*-Smith would make good Blades,
And the Physician make Men spue, or sh---:
The Cobler kept himto his Naul; but now
He'll be a *Pilot*, scarce can guide a Plough.

In her Retirement and Solitude, during that long Interregnum *both of* Wit *and* Liberty; *when she and the rest of the pleasant* Daughters *of the* Muses, *were forced to sculk and abscond to avoid the Fury and Rage of Powerful* Dulness *and malicious* Ignorance; *which then bore sway, and were solely predominant, she was constantly, tho' privately, the Associate of the most* Ingenious, *to whom she was always very agreeable, and so diverting and modestly entertaining, that they always gave her a Character suitable to her extraordinary Merit. When she first began to appear again in publick on the* Stage, *she was welcom'd with the greatest expressions of Pleasure and Satisfaction; and having now again lately met with another most kind Reception from thence, and (I humbly beg your* Grace's *Pardon if misinform'd) your Grace having been pleased to confer some particular and special Marks of your Favour and Good-liking on her; she most humbly craves leave to kiss your* Grace's *Hand; and, being an* Orphan, *that you'll please to condescend to be her* Guardian, *and*

admit

admit her into your noble Patronage *and* Protection; *under whose* Tutelage *she esteems her self sufficiently secure; maugre all the Efforts and Practices of her avowed Adversaries.*

May you long live a Glory to your Country, and a Mecænas *to the Muses, is the earnest prayer of,*

May it please your Grace,

Your most Devoted

AND

Obedient humble Servant

H. NL

The

The Prologue.

Made and ſpoken by *Jo. Hains.*

IF any here this Prologue *dare cry down,*
Henceforth I'll not allow one Wit i'th'Town:
As Houſes haunted with ill Spirits, are
All Noiſe and Lies, ſuch is our Theatre;
Ye talk of Wits, *the devil a* Wit *is here*
Wherefore to let you know———
What Wit *is* not, *I think can't be amiſs,*
For no Man here, I'm ſure, knows what it is.

Firſt then———
Wit *is no Scarf upon Phantaſtick Hips,*
Nor an affected Cringe, *t' approach the Lips,*
'Tis not I gad, O Lard, *or,* let me die,
Nor is it Damme Son of a Whore ye Lie.
'Tis not to tell how Lewd you were laſt night,
What Watches, Wenches, Windows *felt your Spight.*
Nor is it an Abuſive Epilogue,
Nor being Drunk and cry more Wine you Dog.
'Tis not that Pert, Dull, Nonſenſe, *e'ry day*
Ye teaze the Gallery Nymphs with, who t'each Play
Like Weavers *with* Unlawful Engines *come*
And manage twenty Shuttles with one Loom;
Whilſt honeſt Labourers *that uſe but one,*
For want of Work lie ſtill and are Undone.
'Tis not your Scholar, Traveller, *or* Mathematician,
Poet *nor* Player, *and faith 'tis no* Phyſician,
Were I now Clapt, I were in a fine Condition.
'Tis none of theſe that ſingly Wit *can be,*
But all in one Man meeting's Wit, *that's* Me.

THE

The Epilogue.

Spoken by Miſtreſs ——

WHen this old Play firſt came upon the Stage
You ſee, 'twas e'en like now, a Whoring Age;
And your Forefathers, in thoſe Grandam days
Liv'd much like you for Wit and Vertues praiſe.
Wherefore I mean t'adviſe you all to Night,
Give good Attention Sparks, and profit by't.
I've long obſerv'd, with mighty grief of Mind,
You're like my Knight, to Widows much inclin'd:
They'r grown a common Vice, Match-makers ſell 'em,
Ugly or Old, ſome buy 'em, others ſteal 'em.
Conſider but a Youth well made, well Bred,
Much in his Veins, tho' little in his Head,
Shou'd quit Delight yet hardly well enjoy'd,
Shou'd be ſo ſoon with Loves ſweet Manna *Cloy'd,*
And on that nauſeous bit a Widow venter,
That rank Egyptian *Fleſh-pot with a Jointer.*
A Widow; what's a Widow? let me ſee,
Nothing ſo like a ſapleſs hollow Tree;
And thus the Parallel moſt aptly holds,
The Schreech Owl's in her Branches when ſhe ſcolds.
Who weds her, lives a Priſoner in a Tomb,
Decay'd, Diſquiet, and Ill Smell his doom;
He's haunted all the Day with jealous Sprites,
And horrid due Benevolence anights.
The poor endeav'ri g Creature does his beſt,
And very rarely has a moments Reſt;
Yet the foul Fiend, as greedy as before,
Still with inſatiate Fury yells out more.
Which Curſe light on you all for your deceiving,
While we poor Younglings are too much believing.
And he who next wrongs a kind yeilding Maid,
Too apt by ſpecious Oaths to be betray'd,
In recompenſe for Spoils ſo baſely got,
That Bottomleſs Pit, A Widow, *be his Lot.*

THE

THE

Actors Names.

MEN

Sir *Philip Luckleſs*	Mr. *Wilks*
Mr. *Tridewell*, Kinſman to Sir *Philip*	Mr. *Mills*
Sir *Paul Squelch* } Juſtices	Mr. *Johnſon*
Mr. *Bulfinch* } Juſtices	Mr. *Eſtcourt*
Mr. *Widgin*, a Cockny, Brother to the City Widow	Mr. *Bullock*
Captain *Anvil*, a Cowardly Bully	Mr. *Powell*
Mr. *Nonſenſe*	Mr. *Norris*
Pate, Sir *Philip's* Man	Mr. *Fairbank*
Beavis, Mrs. *Trainwell's* Man	Mr. *Bickerſtaff*
Howdee, the Widows Gentleman Uſher	Mr. *Cibber*
Clerk to Sir *Paul*	Mr. *Kent*
Vexhem, a Conſtable	Mr. *Croſs*

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Fitchow*, the City Widow	Mrs. *Knight*
Mrs. *Conſtance*, the Northern Laſs	Mrs. *Bicknell*
Mrs. *Trainwell*, her Governeſs	Mrs. *Powell*
Conſtance Hold up a Jilt	Mrs. *Lucas*
Chambermaid to the Widow	

Scene *MIDDLESEX.*

THE

THE Northern LASS: OR, The Neſt of FOOLS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Philip Luckleſs, Tridewel.

Tri. BUT I beſeech you Sir, Take me ſomewhat nearer your Council. May I aſſure my ſelf, that this Report goes true; that you are on this Treaty of Marriage with that Widow?

Luc. Faith Couſin, I take it as my Fortune; and am fully bent on the Adventure.

Tri. Troth in my mind, you were better venture your Self and Fortune to the *Bermudas*. 'Tis true, ſhe has a good Eſtate: ſome nine thouſand, I think, and were an apt Match for one that knew how to govern it, and her; ſome hard bred Citizen, crafty Lawyrr, or Country Juſtice. But you, a tender Nurſling of the Court, altogether unmixt with ſuch Nature or Education, to caſt your ſelf upon her, who for her Years might be your Mother (they ſay: I never ſaw her) and has been the Town Widow theſe three Years; ſtill converſant with Doctors, and Proctors of the Civil Law; of which Tribe her Husband was too. Never look to be the better for her Riches: She'll conſume yours and you too, though your Back were *Herculean*; and lay you in your Grave, or in *Bedlam* (my life on't) before ſhe dream o' dying, tho' it be all that you can hope, or pray for, after Marriage.

Luc. You ſpeak, Sir, out of ſome unfortunate Examples, and your extraordinary Care of me. But truth is, all Diſſuaſion comes too

late; and all Urgings againſt it are now uncharitable: For we are already Man and Wife.

Tri. What, Married!

Luc. Luſtily promis'd Sir. Abſolutely contracted.

Tri. Send you Joy, I'll out of Town.

Luc. I hope you'll ſee our Marriage. I ſent indeed to bid you.

Tri. No, good Sir *Phillip*, rather than I would be in ſound of a Bell that ſhould ring at it, I would have my Brains fillipt out with the Clapper.

Luc. Nay, good Couſin; I intended you my principal Gueſt. We'll have all very private; not above four or five Friends more.

Tri. Sir, I intend to be none of your Mourners, which indeed my Preſence there would make me; and ſo, perhaps, infect the reſt. I leave my beſt Wiſhes to you, and will endeavour to pray for you. Indeed I will. [*going*

Luc. Indeed this is very abrupt.

SCENE II.

Enter Anvil, Widgin.

Anv. Mr. *Tridewell!* well met. Why ſo faſt Sir, I took you for a Foot-poſt.

Tri. A Foot-Poſt! indeed your fine Wit will poſt you into another World one of theſe days, if it take not the Whipping-Poſt i' the way. And why Foot-Poſt, in your little witty Apprehenſion?

Anv. Becauſe you went ſo faſt. But ſince you are angry, I would you were going twice as faſt. If I interrupt you, hang me, d'ye hear?

Tri. Nay, I know you are apt to decline any Man's Anger, good Captain *Anvil*: you have been beaten to't.

Wid. Why, if he have, he may thank ſuch as you are, that can endure no Jeſt.

Tri. What ate you there too? Mr. *Widgin*, I take it?

Wid. My Name is *Walter Widgin*, Sir, not to be denied; the only Brother here of Sir *Philip Luckleſs*'s betroth'd. She is a *Widgin* born Sir, and of the beſt Family: Our Anceſtors flew out of *Holland* into *Lincolnſhire*, to prevent Perſecution.

Tri. From *Crowland*, I warrant you, a little before a Moulting time.

Wid. Like enough Sir. My Siſter can tell you. Since, by Marriage, ſhe was made a *Fitchow*: Her Husband was *Fitchow*, the Civil Lawyer; he was called the great Canonier of the Civil Law: be-

cauſe

cauſe he could Diſcharge, or make Report of every Canon therein; Canon after Canon, or Canon upon Canon, at his Fingers ends, as readily as I can tell theſe pieces.

Tri. A fair Demonſtration!

Wid. He had many rare Parts in him beſides Sir, as my Siſter can tell you.

Tri. This Fellow cannot chuſe but have a rare Siſter: He quotes her ſo.

Wid. But all the good I can ſpeak of him is, that he left my Siſter Rich, or at leaſt a reaſonable Eſtate; half a ſcore thouſand Pounds or ſo: which ſhe, with her ſelf, beſtows upon this honourable Knight, Sir *Philip Luckleſs*, to be a Lady of that Name, and God gi' him Joy. And for you, being his Kinſman, I ſhall deſire your nearer Acquaintance.

Tri. In good time, Sir.

Wid. The Match was not altogether her own ſeeking Sir, tho' ſhe refus'd two Aldermen for him, on my own Knowledge.

Tri. Might ſhe a' had 'em both Sir?

Wid. I, and half a ſcore Aldermens Fellows to Boot; yet refus'd all for him.

Tri. Indeed, ſix Yoke of ſuch Cattel, would plough up all his Acres in a Forenoon.

Wid. My Siſter can tell you more Sir.

Tri. Still ſhe is his Authority. I will ſee this Woman. Sir *Philip*, here are Gueſts will applaud your Match; bid 'em Welcome God buy. [*Exit*

Wid. For my part, I honour any Man that marries my Siſter. Sir *Philip*, and my noble Brother in Expectation, I pray embrace my Governour, Captain *Anvil* here; and give him and me our Gloves: you ſhall find him worthy your Acquaintance. He has Wit, I can tell you; and breaks as many good Jeſts as all the Wits, Fits, and Fancies about the Town; and has trained up many young Gentlemen, both here, and in divers parts beyond the Seas. He was Dry Nurſe (that's one of his own Jeſts upon himſelf) to the *Engliſh* Youth, a dozen Years together beyond Sea: And now he is my Governour, and I find Profit in it: you cannot think what an Aſs I was before I met with him: And I mean to travel with him, two or three Years hence, my ſelf. In the mean time, he ſhall ſpend a hundred a Year out of *Wat Widgin*'s Purſe. Sha't I' faith Governour, what ail'ſt thou? art thou not right?

Anv. I ſhall find a time to right my ſelf, I doubt not.

Luc. But, will you travel at theſe Years, Mr, *Widgin*?

Wid. Will you not call me Brother? Two days hence, when you have married my Siſter, you muſt. Muſt he not, Governour?

Anv. Yes, an't pleaſe him.

Wid. He ails ſomething.

Luc. Well then, Brother two days hence, will you travel?

Wid. I, ſome two years hence, miſtake me not. I know I am but young yet: beſides, I mean to marry firſt, as other young Heirs do. And then towry lowry, faith, my noble Governour, and I! 'Twill be brave going into *France* then: I may learn half their Faſhions before I go, and bate ſo much, of being taught when I come there. What's the matter Governour? thou wert not want to be thus. Is thy Money all gone? Here's five Pieces to buy Pomps againſt my Siſter's Wedding.

Anv. Have I Eyes and Ears, and can I think of trifling Money Matters?

Wid. Pox on't, I juſt now forgot. That Scurvy ſurely Gentleman, anger'd him e'er while, and put him ont of Patience. How the hot Fome of his Rage boils out at his Mouth: If I durſt go ſo near the Heat of him, I would skim the Pot.

Anv. If I try not this *Tridewell*, put him to the deareſt Tryal of his Life.——

Wid. I there 'tis; he will never come to himſelf till he beat, or be beaten.

Anv. Let me have theſe knock'd out, theſe pull'd off, theſe pluck'd out, and theſe ſaw'd off.

Wid. I muſt venter on him. Nay, Governour, prithee conſider.----

Anv. The Time and Place you mean. Think you he durſt have done it, but in his Kinſman's Houſe; he, and the multitude of his Servants preſent.

Wid. I, we know how many arm'd Men in the next Room. Heark Governour.

Luc. What things are theſe! I ſhall marry into a fine ſtock! How untimely ſome Conſiderations fall into my Mind! My Coſins Counſel, which hath ever been oraculouſly good; againſt which I violently bear my ſelf, to mix my Blood amongſt a Race of Fools. Had but theſe Thoughts been mine but one day paſt, they had prevented all that may prove dangerous, in this ſo great and doubtful Undertaking.

SCENE

SCEN III.

Enter Pate *to* Luckleſs, Widgin, Anvil.

Pa. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman would ſpeak with you.

Luc. Who is it? Do you know her?

Pa. I never ſaw her before, Sir. I askt her name; but I perceiv'd ſome Diſpleaſure in her Looks (whether it were Shame, Grief, or Anger I know not) that made her conceal it: Only telling me ſhe was a Woman very hurtleſs, and warrantable againſt your Fear.

Wid. I warrant 'tis my Siſter. She frown'd, did ſhe not, and look'd fightingly? If ſhe did, 'tis my Siſter, your Wife that ſhall be. She will look ſo at you, I can tell you, or me, or my Governour, for all he is a Captain. She fears no colours, I faith; to tell you true, ſhe beat him once for a Jeſt he broke upon her *Monkey*. Is it not ſhe, think'ſt thou?

Pa. No Sir, it is not ſhe. I know my Lady that ſhall be.

Wid. My Lady that ſhall be! how ſweetly it chimes. Here's ſomething for that word.

Luc. Go bring her up. Good Brother *Widgin* fly into the next Room, with your Governour. I'll wait on you preſently. [*Ex. Pate.*

Wid. My Lady! and Brother *Widgin*! I muſt admire. Our Houſe is rais'd by this two Stories higher. ———

Ex. Wid. Anv.

Luc. There's no recalling Time; and Vows of this high Nature are no Trifles.

SCENE IV.

Enter Mrs. Trainwell.

Tra. Sir, I ſuppoſe you are Sir *Philip Luckleſs*.

Luc. I am the Man Lady.

Tra. And you are ſhortly to marry a City Widow, one Mrs. *Fitchow*?

Luc. Moſt true.

Tra. For whoſe dear ſake you purchas'd a four hundred pounds Knighthood, to go a wooing in: out of which ſhe is to give nine thouſand pounds for a Ladyſhip for term of Life.

Luc. What mean you Madam?

Tra. Sir,

Tra. Sir, not to ſcold or brawl, a Vice too frequent in our Sex. But, in few words (and civil ones) to make you ſenſible a little of that infinite Injury, you have done to one, whoſe unvaluable Portion of Vertue makes her fit: beſides the Right ſhe has already in you, to take a Brides place, before your later Choice, or any ſhe, whoſe Wealth might weigh down hers. You ſtand as if you knew not who I mean.

Luc. Nor what neither. Sure my name's abus'd.

Tra. Pray Sir, bethink your ſelf. Has there not been a former Contract made betwixt you and ſome other?

Luc. No. Nor any faithful Promiſe neither.

Tra. That I may well believe, when you forget it.

Luc. I pray ſpeak nearer to my Underſtanding: whom may you ſuggeſt to be the Woman ſo much forgotten?

Tra. If you have Soul, or Senſe, you muſt remember her: No? Read then her Name ſubſcrib'd to that.

Luckleſs reads.

If Pity, Love, or Thought of me,
Live in your Breaſt I need not die.
But if all thoſe from thence be fled;
Live you to know that I am dead.

Conſtance.

Farewel, good *Conſtance*, I am ſorry I have no further for thee.

Tra. Do you know that Name Sir?

Luc. Yes Lady, ſo well, that I am ſorry, that a Gentlewoman of your good ſeeming ſhould have to do for ſo light a piece of Vanity. Leave going on the Devil's Errants: his Kingdom's large enough, and too much peopled already.

Tra. Pray, Sir, are you in ſober Earneſt?

Luc. I, good faith am I.

Tra. You are unhappy then. For you ſhall loſe, in this Diſdain of yours, more Honour than your Life time in repentance can recover. So fare you well Sir. [*Ex. Tra.*

Luc. Farewel old Whiskin. 'Slid I'll marry out o'the way; 'tis time I think: I ſhall be ta'en up for Whore's meat elſe. *Conſtance* had a Baſtard t'other day too. What a miſchievous Maw has this ſhe Canibal that gapes for me! One that I have paid at all times too; here's one, there's t'other, and now ſhe hears I am towards Marriage pretends a claim to me. And what a Miniſter ſhe had procur'd! a Devil in a moſt Lady like Apparition. It had been well to have pump'd her. Is ſhe gone? *Pate.* Who

Pate. Who Sir, the Gentlewoman I put her in her Coach.

Luc. Her Coach! Coaches muſt needs be common, when their Carriages are ſo. By this light, *Oliver*, a Bawd; a very Bawd. Where's my Brother *Widgin*, and his Governour, *Anvil*? They are wholſomer Company of the two, yet. [*Ex.*

Pa. A Bawd! Bleſs my Maſter's Wits. But the beſt is, if he be mad, there's that at hand will tame him, or any Man: a fine Cooler call'd Marriage, to take his Batchelors Button a hole lower! Can it be poſſible? ſhe might ha' been Mother of the Maids, as well, to my ſeeming; or a Matron, to have train'd up the beſt Ladys Daughters in the Country. Here comes her Man again.

SCENE V.

Enter Beavis, *to* Pate.

Be. Is Sir *Philip Luckleſs* i'the Houſe ſtill Sir?

Pa. Are you the Cook-bawd to the Hen was here, e're while Sir.

Be. Are you mad, or are you drunk Sir?

Pa. Come you to bargain for a Punk Sir? Faith where's the meeting? Where's the Supper? at the *Bridgefoot*, or the *Cat*? or where is it?

Be. Nay then Sir, though your Maſter be allow'd to meaſure his Manners by his pleaſure; here, on his own yard; I'll be bold to pull you out on't by the Ears, and beat you into better Faſhion.

Pa. Hold, hold. Pray hold a little, Sir, I cry your Mercy, I might be miſtaken. I ſee thou art a good Fellow, I have half a dozen for thee faith, 'foot what big words and terrible action he has! is this the Bawds Language? pray pardon me, Sir: I have been overwatch'd of late, and knew neither Place, Perſon, nor what I ſaid at the Inſtant.

Be. Indeed?

Pa. I, Sir. 'tis an Infirmity I am much troubled withal; a kind of a-- between ſleep and waking-- I know not what to call it. I would give twenty pound to be cur'd on't. I pray take it not ill, Sir, I uſe any Man. ſo, when the fit's on me, till they throughly wake me.

Be. What, as I did now, by the Ears? Are you come to your ſelf enough yet? or ſhall I help you farther, Sir?

Pa. No, 'tis very well now, I thank you, Sir. Alas! I put my Maſter to the Pains, twice or thrice a Week, I aſſure you, to my Grief.

Be. A very ſtrange Diſeaſe! How might you get it?

Pa. Faith I fell into it firſt, with a Conceit I took for over-buying a Bargain of Drink. Your Buſineſs with my Maſter, Sir? I pray.

Be. Only to ſpeak with him, from the Gentlewoman was here e'en now.

Pa. I ſhall acquaint him with it.

Be. I ſhall be your Servant.

Pa. I pray, pardon my Error.

Be. And you my Boldneſs. [*Ex.*

Pa. Oh! not ſo, Sir. Well, Maſter Pimp, I have a Plot upon your Employment, as bravely as you carry it. I know he is a Bawd, by his out-facing; and I do humble and diſguiſe my Manhood, to work on him by Policy: And if I do not put a fine Slur upon him, for all his Bravado's, then *Oliver Pate* has no Brains; nor is there any difference betwixt a Serving-Man and a Pimp. [*Ex. Enter* Beavis.

Be. What a trim-tram Trick is this? the Maſter and the Man both brain-craz'd; as the one us'd me, ſo did the other my Miſtreſs. But I have brought this into a kind of civil Senſe again. Do we look like Bawds? There is ſome ſtrange Ground for this Miſtaking. I am ſure ſhe has ever been reputed a vertuous Lady; and has now the Government, and Bringing-up a Virgin of a moſt hopeful Goodneſs. And, I think, I know my ſelf; and dare beat any Man into a better Conſtruction of my Quality. [*Enter* Pate.

Pa. Now Wit, an't be thy will! Sir, my Maſter deſires to be excus'd; for he is with ſome Friends, on private Buſineſs, concerning his Marriage, which is to be to morrow: But ſays, if it pleaſe you to meet him in the Evening, betwen four and five, in the great Palace, and conduct him to the Gentlewoman, he will attend her with his beſt Service.

Be. Between four and five, in the Palace. But how ſhall I know him? I never ſaw him.

Pa. As I wiſh'd; but you may eaſily. He is of a comely ſtature; and will be in a red Cloak, and a white Feather. Beſides, I'll wait on him.

Be. I thank you, Sir.

Pa. Fare you well, Sir. Good *Foiſt*, I ſhall make a Whiskin of you now, and for nothing too. I have been a little bold with my Maſter's Name in this Anſwer; the knowledge of which he is not guilty of. I ſaw how he ſhifted her off; therefore I will farther be bold both with his Name and Perſon, which I will put upon a Friend in ſtore. My ſpecial Friend, Captain *Anvil*, a notable leacherous Tup; he

he has been at me for a Bit out of my Maſter's Flock, any time theſe three Weeks; I'll pleaſure him with her for ready Mony. I know 'tis ſome caſt Stuff, that my Maſter has done withal; and let him take what follows. [*Ex.*

SCENE VI.

Enter *Fitchow*, *Howdee*, with Ink and Paper.

Fit. Well, Sir; and what ſaid Mr. *Luckleſs*?

Ho. Sir *Philip* you mean, forſooth.

Fit. The very ſame, Sir; but I begin to call him now, as I muſt call him hereafter. Ladies do not call their Husbands as they are, Knights; as Sir *Philip*, Sir *Timothy*, or Sir *Gregory*. Did you ever hear my Lady *Squelch* call her Husband Sir *Paul*? No; but Mr. *Squelch*. Indeed all others muſt Sir them by their Chriſt'n-Names, becauſe they are Knights, and to be known from other Men; only their own Wives muſt Maſter them, by their Sirnames, becauſe they are Ladies, and will not know them from other Men. But to our Buſineſs. What ſaid he to you?

Ho. His Worſhip, forſooth——

Fit. Nay, what ſaid you to him firſt? I love to hear things in order.

Ho. I ſaid as you bad me, forſooth.

Fit. As I bad you, Clotpoll, what was that? Shall I ever mould thee into a Gentleman-Uſher, think'ſt thou, that ſtand'ſt ſo? Come forward, Sir, and repeat.

Ho. My Miſtreſs commends her beſt Love unto your Worſhip; and deſires to know how your Worſhip came home laſt Night, and how your Worſhip has reſted, and how your Worſhip does this Morning? She hopes the beſt of your Worſhips health; and would be glad to ſee your Worſhip, at your Worſhips beſt leiſure.

Fit. This was very well; word for word, as I inſtructed. But did you Worſhip him ſo much?

Ho. Yes truly, and he commended me for it; and ſaid, I ſhew'd my Breeding.

Fit. Now, Sir, his Anſwer in his own Words.

Ho. Quoth he; I thank thy Miſtreſs, and I thank thee. Prithee commend my Service to her, and tell her, my Worſhip came home in my Worſhip's Coach; my Worſhip took very good Reſt in my Worſhip's Bed; my Worſhip has very little to do this Morning, and will ſee her at my Worſhip's leiſure.

Fit. Did he say so?

Ho. 'Twas either so, or so much, I am sure. But he did not make me Repeat, as you did, till I had con'd it by heart.

Fit. Well, *Howdee*, get you down. and do you hear, *Howdee* ? If Sir *Paul Squelch* come, bring him up.

Ho. I will, forsooth, Mistress.

Fit. I bad you learn to call me Madam.

Ho. I will, forsooth Ma-dam.

Fit. You shall, forsooth Madam. 'Tis but a day to't; and I hope one may be a Lady one Day before her time.

Ho. A Day too soon, I doubt, in this forward Age. [*Ex.*

Fit. In the mean time, let me study my Remembrances for After Marriage.

Imprimis: To have the whole Sway of the House, and all Domestical Affairs; as of Accounts of Houshold-Charges, placing and displacing of all Servants in general; to have free Liberty to go on all my Visits; and though my Knights Occasions be never so urgent, and mine of no moment, to take from him the Command of his Coach; to be in special Fee with his best-trusted Servant; not to let one live with him, that will not betray all his Counsels to me. To study and practice the Art of Jealousy; to feign Anger, Melancholy, or Sickness, to the Life. These are Arts that Women must be well practis'd in, e'er they can obtain Wisdom; and ought to be the only Study of a Widow, from the Death of her first Husband to the second; from the second to the third, matters of deeper Moment; from the third to the fourth, deeper yet; and so proportionably to the seventh, if she be so long blest with Life: But of these I may find time hereafter to consider in order as they fall. Besides, in all, to be singular in our Will; to reign, govern, ordain Laws and break 'em; make Quarrels and maintain them; profess Truths, devise Falshoods; protest Obedience, but study nothing more than to make our Husbands so; controul, controvert, contradict, and be contrary to all Conformity: To which end, we must be sure to be arm'd always with Prick and Praise of the Deceased; and carry the Inventory of our Goods, and the gross Sum of our Dowry perpetually in our Mouths. Then does a Husband tickle the Spleen of a Woman, when she can anger him to please him, chide him to kiss him, mad him to humble him, make him stiff-neck'd to supple him, and heard-hearted to break him; to set him up, and take him down, and up again, and down again, as often as we list.

Enter

Enter Howdee.

Ho. Madam.

Fit. Ay, marry, now ſay'ſt thou well.

Ho. An't pleaſe your Ladyſhip.

Fit. Well ſaid again.

Ho. One Mr. *Tridewel*, a Gentleman, deſires to ſpeak with your Ladyſhip, from Sir *Philip*.

Fit. Tridewel! O it is Sir *Philip*'s Kinſman. I have heard him ſpeak much good of him, and intreated me to give him good reſpect; which were enough to marr his Entertainment, had I not another Purpoſe of mine own, that may prove as ill. Bring him up, *Howdee*.

Ho. I will, Madam—— *Exit.*

Fit. Ay, that was very well. This *Howdee* do I mean with a caſt Gown to put in Apparel, and make my Gentleman-Uſher; not only for the aptneſs of his Name, to go on my Viſits, but for his proportionable Talent of Wit and Manners.

SCENE VII.

Enter Tridewel *to* Fitchow.

Tri. If I can yet redeem him, he is happy. By your leave, Lady, May my Boldneſs prove pardonable?

Fit. Sir, the name of him you come from, is warrant Sufficient to make you welcome here: All that is here being his.

Tri. Is this ſhe, trow?

Fit. I underſtand you come from Sir *Philip Luckleſs*.

Tri. 'Tis true, I brought his name thus far to enter me to your Preſence. But here I ſhake it off, as I would do his remembrance: but that I know him too well.

Fit. Too well, Sir? How mean you?

Tri. Too well indeed, Lady; but in the ill part. I know him to be no equal Match for you. Yet I hear you receive him as a Suiter.

Fit. Right, Sir. And him only.

Tri. It is not gone ſo far, I hope.

Fit. Beſhrew me, but it is; and farther too, Sir. He has both woo'd and won me.

Tri. Beſhrew your Fortune then. And if my Counſel,
The friendlieſt Counſel e're you hearkned to,
Stop not your ventrous Foot from one ſtep further,
(For now you are upon the brink of Danger)

You Fall iuto a Sea of endleſs Sorrows.
Fit. This is pretty!
Tri. Look back into your ſelf; read o'er your Story,
Find the Content, the Quiet Mind you liv'd in,
The Wealth, the Peace, the Pleaſure you enjoy'd;
The free Command of all you had beneath you,
And to be commanded by none above you.
Now glance your Eye on this ſide, on the Yoke
You bring your neck to, laden down with Cares,
Where you ſhall faintly draw a tedious Life,
And every ſtep encounter with new Strife.
Then, when you groan beneath your burd'nous Charge,
And wearily chance to revert a Look
Upon the Price you gave for this ſad Thraldom,
You'll feel your Heart ſtab'd through with many a Woe,
Of which one dyes not while a thouſand grow.
All will be then too late: Now is the time,
Now rings the warning Bell unto your Breaſt:
Where if you can but entertain a Thought,
That tells you how you are beſet with Danger,
You are ſecure; Exclude it, you are loſt.
Fit. Pray Sir deal freely with me. What Reſpect
Moves you to make this ſtrong Diſſwaſion?
Is it your Care of me? or Love of him?
Tri. A ſubtil queſtion! the Woman is not brainleſs. [*Aſide.*
Love of him, Lady? If this can be Love,
To ſeek to croſs him, in ſo great a hope,
As your Enjoying: being all the means
Or Poſſibility he has to live on;
If it be to Love him, to let you know
How lewd and diſſolute of Life he is,
By which his Fortunes being ſunk, he is grown
The Scorn of his Acquaintance, his Friends trouble,
Being the Common Borrower of the Town.
A Gentleman lights not a Tobacco Pipe,
But with his borrowing Letters [ſhe's not mov'd] [*Aſide.*
And if you put him off a fortnight longer,
He'll be lay'd up for Moneys he took up
To buy his Knighthood; beſides his deep Engagements
To Goldſmith, Silkman, Taylor, Millener,
Sempſtreſs, Shoemaker, Sadler, Vintner, Tapſter,
(All ſtirs her not, ſhe ſtands as if prepar'd

To hear as much of Truth and bear with it.)
Men of all Trades, and Occupations,
From his Mercer downwards to his Waterman,
Have ventur'd the laſt ſixpence on his Credit;
And all but wait to pay themſelves from you.
And I may well imagine how 'twould grieve
A Woman of your Wealth, to diſburſe all,
To ſave a Knight out of his Ward 'ith' Counter;
And lack withal his Company at home,
While he frequents youthful Society,
To make more charge for Nurſeries abroad:
For I have heard him ſay you are old; and that
It is your Wealth he marries, and not you.
If this be Love to him that I diſcover,
The means to ſave you, to be his Undoing,
Let no man take a Friend's help in his wooing.
Fit. And how this ſhould proceed from Care of me,
Falls not into my Underſtanding, Sir.
Tri. Conſider Lady——
Fit. Sir I have conſider'd
Before, and in your Speech, and ſince; and cannot
By all that can be ſaid remove a thought.
I lov'd him not for words: Nor will I uſe
Words againſt yours: 'twere poor Expreſſion
Of Love to boaſt it. 'Tis enough I know it.
Boaſters of Love, how can we Lovers call,
When moſt of ſuch love one, no more than all.
Tri. Sure, I was much miſtaken in this Woman.
Fit. Nor would I have you to expect a railing,
To ſay you baſely wrong the Gentleman,
A way ſo common, common Women uſe it.
But this, Sir, I will ſay, I were to blame,
If I ſhould think your Love to him were leſs,
Than the great Care of me you ſeem to urge,
As you pretend it is.
Tri. She will diſcover me. [*Aſide.*
Fit. You are his Kinſman nearly; and reputed,
By his own mouth, his beſt of choſen Friends;
My ſelf an utter Stranger, one from whom
You never had, or can expect leaſt good.
And why you ſhould, for a reſpect ſo contrary,
Call my poor Wit in queſtion, to believe you,

Is moſt unconſcionable.
Tri. Methinks I ſtand
Like a falſe Witneſs 'gainſt another's life,
Ready to take his Puniſhment [*Aſide.*
Fit. Nor will I think you meant to ſeek,
Croſſing his Match, to make it for your ſelf:
Both for my known Unworthyneſs; and your
Depraving him, being no poſſible way
To make me think the better of your worth.
Tri. Can this be ſhe? How ſtrangely am I taken; [*Aſide.*
Fit. But I forgive, and charitably think
All this brought no ill purpoſe; pretty Pageantry,
Which may hereafter, 'mong our Marriage Mirth,
Fill up a Scene: For now I'll take no notice.
Indeed I will not. You may, if you pleaſe,
And tell your Cuz how hainouſly I take it.
Tri. If thou haſt Mercy, Love, keep't from my heart!
Wil't pleaſe you hear me?
Fit. Sir, I have, enough.
And crave but leave to ſpeak this little to you,
Which ſhall by Heaven be uncontroul'd as Fate.
If I ſhall find him Bad, I'le blame my Fortune:
Never repent, or thank you for your Counſel.
If I ſhall find him Good; and all this falſe,
Which you ſo violently urg'd againſt him;
I'll love him ne'er the more, nor you the worſe:
For I am not ſo poor, nor weakly ſpirited,
That ſhould all Friends to whom my faith is bound,
Say on their knowledge, that all this were true,
And that one hour's protraction of our Marriage
Shou'd mak't appear; that I would give allowance
To all their bugbear Reaſons, to defer
That hour the uniting of our Hands, becauſe
Our Hearts are link'd by the Divineſt Laws.
Tri. What have I done? The Curſe of over-weening Brains,
Shame, and Diſgrace are Guerdon of my Pains.
O, I ſhall fall beneath the Scorn of Fools:
A puniſhment as Juſt, as Great, for ſuch
That do, in things concern them not, too much. [*Aſide.*
Fit. What ails the Gentleman?
Tri. On what a ſettled Rock of Conſtancy
She planteth her Affection? not to move,

Though

Though all the Breath of ſlanderous Reproach,
Driving tempeſtuous Floods and ſtorms of Horror,
Should beat at once, againſt it.

Fit. Sir, How d'ye; [Enter *Howdee.*

Ho. Madam.

Fit. Not you, Sir.

Tri. I would I had not ſeen her, at leaſt not heard her,
In all ſo contrary to all Opinion. [*Aſide.*

Fit. You are not well, Sir.

Tri. They ſaid ſhe was old, unhandſome and uncivil,
Froward, and full of Womaniſh Diſtemper.
She's none of theſe, but oppoſite in all.

Fit. Sir.

Tri. My witty purpoſe was to ſave my Friend
From ſuch a hazard; and to loath her ſo,
That I might make her loathſome to his Fancy;
But I my ſelf am fal'n into that hazard;
To wrong my Friend; to burn in lawleſs Love;
Which oh that Prayers of Penance may remove. [*Aſide.*

Fit. You are not going, Sir?

Tri. I beg your Pardon; I dare not look upon you.—— *Exit.*

Fit. Gone in a Dream! Well, I perceive this Jugling.
This ſtrain was only to explore the ſtrength
Of my Affection to my luckleſs Knight.
For which, if both their Cunnings I not fit,
Let me be call'd the Barren-wife of Wit.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Fitchow.

Fit. THE ſtrangeneſs of this Gentleman's Action will not out of my mind yet. Sir *Philip* could not but have a hand in it. Does he repent his Bargain already; and deſire to be quit with loſs of his Earneſt? 'Tis but his Faith and Troth.

Enter Widgin, Anvil.

Wid. Siſter, where are you? My Governour and I are come to wait

wait upon you in Sir *Philip Luckleſs*'s Coach. It waits at Door for you; and what to do, think you?

Fit. I cannot tell. Perhaps to invite me forth into the Air of *Hide-park* or *Marybone*; or elſe ——

Wid. Or elſe me no or elſes, Siſter, you cannot gueſs it. And I was a Fool to ask you the Queſtion, now I think on't.

Fit. That was well remembred, Brother.

Wid. Siſter, you are to be a Lady within this half hour. Your Knight is ready, ſo is the Parſon too. My Govenour here knows.

Anv. Yes, Lady; and that he entreats you to bear with the ſuddenneſs of the Occaſion, which he proteſts deeply urges him to be married preſently; deſiring you not to trouble your ſelf in examination of his Reaſons: for upon his Honeſty and Honour, the end of it is for good to you both. Come, ſweet Madam (now I am bold to give you your due Title) your Knight is ready preſt on his Adventures (d'ye hear) and 'tis only you, that he ſeeks to encounter.

Wid. There's a Jeſt now: but ſhe underſtands it not. He makes her an Infidel, a wild Beaſt or a Monſter, by the word Encounter; what do Knights Advent'rers encounter elſe? Look all the *Mirror* over. He'll encounter her. O the Wit of a Governour!

Anv. 'Tis as I ſay, Madam, (d'ye hear) the good Fit's come on him.

Wid. Ever at the tail of his d'ye hear, I am ſure to ſmell a Jeſt: The Fit's come on him.

Fit. This ſudden Importunity confirms my former doubt: He thinks his Scare-crow will make me keep off now; but he is cozen'd. Well, Sir, he ſhall find me obedient to his hand. I am in all prepar'd to meet his Purpoſes; though, Brother, I had thought to had Conference this Morning with Sir *Paul Squelch* touching a match for you.

Wid. For me, Siſter! ha' you found out a Wife for me? ha' you? pray ſpeak, ha' you?

Fit. And a good Match too, Brother; Sir *Paul*'s Niece: on whom he, being childleſs, means to beſtow a large Dowry.

Wid. By my Faith, and he may do't. He is rich, Governour; one of the beſt Ten-i'th-hundred-men about this Town.

Fit. He is a right good Man, Within there. [*Enter* Howd.
Bid *Flap* your Fellow bring my Fan and Maſque. [*Ex.* Howd.

Anv. Is he bounteous and liberal, ha? Does he make large Suppers and lend Money. D'ye hear? Is he good at that?

Wid. Nay there you miſtake, Governour. A good Man i'th City is not call'd after his good Deeds, but the known weight of his Purſe. One, whoſe Name any Uſurer can read without Spectacles; One that can take up more with two fingers and a thumb upon the Exchange, than

then the great man at Court, can lift with both his hands; One that is good only in Riches, and wears nothing rich about him but the Gout or a thumb Ring with his Grandſires ſheep-mark, or Granams Butter-print on't, to ſeal Bags, Acquittances and Counterpanes.

Anv. A Butter-print?

Enter Mayd, Howdee, *with Mask and Fan.*

Wid. I, 'twere a cunning Herald could find better Arms for ſome of 'em: tho I have heard Sir *Paul Squelch* proteſt he was a Gentleman, and might quarter a Coat by his Wives ſide; Yet I know he was but a Graſier when he left the Country; And my Lord his father whiſtled to a team of Horſes (they were his own indeed.) But now he is Right Worſhipful, and I would I had his Niece unſight and unſeen, I faith, for her Monies ſake. You never heard me ask if ſhe were fair or handſome, d'ye mark that Siſter? My Father's rule right! And if I be not a true *Widgin.* (God forgi' me) I think he was none.

Fit. But ſhe is very fair Brother, and very handſome; and the prettieſt innocent Country thing withal. Do I want nothing here?

Wid. I, now you bring me to bed Siſter.

May. Your Mask ſits well forſooth.

Fit. But where's my Wimple forſooth?

May. Upon the Cupboards head, pray *Humfrey* fetch it.

Ex. Howdee

Wid. He lives not that loves a Country thing like me. Alas none loves a Country thing like me. And though I am a Cockny, and was never further then *Hammerſmith*; I have read the Country-mans Common-wealth; and can diſcourſe of Soccage and Tenure, Free-hold, Copy-hold, Leaſe, Demeans, Fee-ſimple and Fee-taile, Plowing, Hedging, Diking, Grubbing, occupying any Country thing whatſoever; and take as much Pleaſure in't, as the beſt Clown born of 'em all.

Fit. And ſhe is very young, not above fifteen, Brother. How this Fellow ſtays! Go you. *Ex Mayd.*

Anv. and that's a ſafe age for a Maid in the Country. Dy'e hear?

Wid. Pardon me Governour. I do hear and not hear thee at this time.

Fit. And ſings, and ſpeaks ſo pretty Northernly they ſay.

Anv. Is ſhe Northern (d'ye hear) will ſhe not ſhrink i'the wetting?

Wid. Governour, I know thou ſpok'ſt a Jeſt now, by thy d'ye hear: But prithee forgive me; I cannot applaud nor mark thee at this time.

Enter Howdee *with a Wimble.*

Fit. What makes you ſtay ſo? I fear you have been among my Sweat-meats.

Howd. She ſaid it was upon the Cupboard; and it was under the Cupboard.

Fit. Is this my Wimple? Do you bring Carpenters Tools to dress me withal. [*Enter Maid.*

Ma. Here is your Wimple, Forsooth.

Fit. I shall teach you to know a difference between Gentlewomens Geer and Carpenters Tools. I shall.

Wid. Nay, she is so vex'd now! Dear Sister, to the Country Lass again. You said, she spoke and sung Northernly. I have a great many Southern Songs already. But Northern Air nips it dead. *York, York,* for my Money.

Fit. Yes, Brother, she is Northern, and speaks so: For she has ever liv'd in the Countrey, till this last week, her Uncle sent for her up to make her his Child, out of the Bishoprick of *Durham.*

Wid. Bishop, nor Bishoprick shall hold her from me.

Fit. And, Brother ———

Wid. Sister no more, though I have never seen her; ——— No Bishoprick i'th'Land from me shall win her. If you will go, and clap hands with your Knight, come; I would see you match'd first; because that will add some Honour to the *Widgins,* when my self shall be Brother to a Lady. I shall write first of that Name. And then am I no sooner married, Governour, but we will set our Travels a-foot; to know Countries and Nations, Sects and Factions, Men and Manners, Language and Behaviour.

And so in height of Complement grow compleat;
More goes to making of a Man, than Meat. [*Exeunt.*

SENE II.

Enter Trainwell, Constance.

Tra. Pray tell me; and tell me truly. VVhat is the most has past between you? If it be the main Loss of your Maiden-head, it shall ne'er go farther: therefore let me know it.

Con. As I live Mistress *Trainwell,* all that e'er he had o' me was but a Kiss. But I mun tell ye, I wish'd it a thoosand, thoosand till him.

Tra. How often have you seen him?

Con. Feath but that bare eance nother, and your seln were by too. Trow ye that I'd not tell ye and 'twere maer. By my Conscience, Mrs. *Trainwell,* I lee not.

Tra. That once that I saw him with you, your Uncle was there too, in the Orchard, but last week.

Con. Vary true, mine Uncle was than by too. And he brought

Sir

Sir Philip to ſee his Orchard. And what did he then do, trow you but tuke me thus by th' haund, and thus he kuſt me; he ſed I were a deaſt Laſs: but there he feind. But for my Life I could not but think, he war the likeſt Man that I had ſeen with mine eyne; and could not devaiſe the thing I had, might be unbeggen by him. Then by and by as we walk'd, he ask'd mine Uncle, gin he would give him me to make a Lady till him. And, by my Trouth, Miſtreſs *Trainwell*, I lee not, I bluſh'd and luk'd upon him as I would ſein a hed it ſo: Mine Uncle ſaid yes, and *Sir Philip* ſhuke my haund, and gude Feath my heart joy'd at it. God gin the Prieſt had been by. But I thought all ſure enough; and would not ha' ſold my part for the *Spaniſh* Ladies Jointure. But ſtreight anon mine Uncle and he fell on other Talk, of Lords and Ladies, and many fond-like things, I minded not: For I is weel ſure, this keept me waking e're ſine. And God Pardon me what I miſtthought every hour i'th' neet.

Tra. How have you made me wrong this Gentleman, to challenge him as if he had been your due, upon this idle Complement? when I undertook the Meſſage, I preſum'd (for ſo your words did intimate to me) you had been ſure, as faſt as faith could bind you, Man and Wife. Where was my Diſcretion? Now I perceive this was but common Courtſhip; and no aſſurance of a Marriage promiſe.

Con. I wot not what he meant. But I is weel ſure, I'll ne're be ſure to ony Man but he. And if he love me not as weel, God Pardon him; For I meant him none ill.

Tra. I know not how to counſel or comfort you, uutil I hear him ſpeak. My man tells me, he appointed him to meet, and bring him to you about this hour. Poor heart I pitty thee. Before thou come to half my years thou wilt forget to love half ſo truly. [*Enter* Beavis.

Bea. Miſtreſs.

Tra. O, are you come? where's the Knight?

Bea. He ſtays below, and wil'd me to come up firſt to make his paſſage clear and ſecure.

Tra. That was Diſcretion.

Bea. Rather Fear I think: for he ask'd me if the Houſe were not much haunted with Roarers or Swaggerers, Swords and Piſtols: whether there were not an Aſſurance Office for it upon the *Exchange*, as if his Life were upon hazard? whether a Man might come on without loſs of Credit, and off without need of of a Surgeon; Much odd talk he delivers, that in my conceit betrays, at once, both a laſcivious and cowardly Diſpoſition; and in my underſtanding, cannot be ſo generous, or Nobly ſpirited, as he is reported. Do what you will.

Tra. I ſuſpect ſomething.

Con. Will he not come Mrs. *Trainwel*?

Tra. Yes Sweet-heart; But go you to your Chamber and let me have a word before you ſee him. Go call him in. Do ſo Sweet-heart. I'll not be long.

Con. I'll do ought you bid me, God gin I ſaw himeance. [*Ex.* Con.

SCENE III.

Enter *Anvil*, *Beavis*.

Anv. A place of fair promiſing! How have I liv'd that never diſcover'd this place before? This Place Royal! but ſought my Recreation in By-lanes, and ſluttiſh Corners, unſavory Allies and Ditch ſides? when here the whole Houſe is perfum'd: An Earl might think it his own Lodging; Ladies might come to ſee Pictures, and not bluſh to go in or out unmask'd.

Bea. Sir, will you ſpeak to my Miſtreſs. The Man is tranſported ſure!

Anv. I underſtand, thy office leads thee no further; thy pains are abroad and below ſtairs. Here honeſt *Fetch*; Look thee, here's the poor price of a new pair of Shoes; take it. Deſcend, excute thy Duty.

Tra. Bleſs me! this is another Man. More abuſe yet?

Anv. Now Gentlewoman to you. What Fees belong to your Key? Come where's the Bed? where's the Party? Here's the Man, here's the Money. Chink chink you old Gameſter, do'ſt hear? Here's half a piece to buy thee Complection, Sack or Brandy. What thou lik'ſt.

Tra. What are you Sir, I Pray?

Anv. Faith one that's a little ill given at this time. Where's the Piece? here are the Pieces I tell thee.

Tra. What piece Sir? If you can imagine what you are, where you are, what you would have, or where you would be, I pray tell me Sir. I'll do the beſt I can to ſatisfie you. O' my diſcretion will I Sir.

Anv. Give me but a little ſpace to wonder at thy ſtrange demands and I will tell thee, good *Diſcretion*. If I ſhould purchaſe a broken Coxcomb, or bruis'd Ribs now, for Miſtaking another Mans habit, the Smart were only mine. The Villain ſwore to me, his Maſter was ſent for; and that his Maſter ſwore this was a Bawd to his choice Whore, newly entertain'd; and that ſhe knew not him, and might well miſtake me for him. On which preſumption I have waded thus far: and if I ſtick in the Mud, or be driven back by a Tempeſt, I

am

am arm'd. 'Tis not the firſt time I have been weather-beaten, or Dry-beaten, D'ye hear? [*Aſide.*

Tra. Sir.

Anv. You do not know me? or, at leaſt, not remember me?

Tra. If I err therein Sir, I hope your Pardon. For as you ſhall reveal your ſelf, I ſhall either repent me of my Oblivion, or accuſe you of Unadviſedneſs.

Anv. She ſpeaks like the Wife of an Orator, that could dictate her Husband's Speeches! Were not you this Morning at Sir *Philip Luckleſs*'s Lodging? ſpoke not you with him? ſent you not for him afterwards to repair hither to the Party? And know you not the Man?

Tra. O infinite Abuſe! Sir I cry you Mercy. I hope you will pardon my weak-ſightedneſs. The World's bad, and we love to deal ſecurely. Could not your Worſhip make your ſelf known ſooner? Pleaſe you to entertain your ſelf here a while, I will inſtantly provide for your better welcome. O horrible Indignity! But if Porters and Cudgels may be had for Mony, and I fit you not, let me looſe my Diſcretion. I am furniſht with Blankets already.—— *Ex.*

Anv. I will inſtantly provide for your better welcome! will you ſo? 'Twill paſs: and by this light I think for my Maſter-jeſt. I will recover my Charges, and gain over and above for three returns more with the bare repetition of it out of one Mans Purſe, the *Widgin.* My Jeſts are his Nutriment; and my Wit is his own, he pays ſo duly for it. If the Wench be but pleaſing now, to my Expectation, my Felicity is crown'd. [Trainwell *returns with* Conſtance.

Tra. O Child, we are undone.

Con. Marry, God ſhield Mrs. *Trainwell.* Is he geane? Muſt I nor ſee him?

Tra. Alaſs, it is not he, but ſome Villain ſent by him to vex and ſpite you; one perſuades himſelf, we are of thoſe common Creatures that ſell their Honeſties.

Con. Heaven bliſſe us, and give us leave to dee firſt. Can he be ſo unkaind, to ſcorn me ſo? Wea's me.

Tra. He is ſo Diſhonourable. But I will fit his Undertaker, what e're he be. Look you, is that he think you?

Con. O weell a nea Miſtreſs *Trainwell*! Sir *Philip* is the likeſt Man that e're you ſaw aw days o' your life. This Lozell dow not. Nor would he ſend him. So trim a Man cannot have ſike bad purpoſe

[*Enter.*

[*Enter.* Beavis.

Be. Mistress, there's a Gentleman, one Mr. *Tridewell*, that says he is Sir *Philips* Kinsman, will by all means speak with him.

Tra. Sweet heart, can you dissemble your sorrow with a Song, to pass a little time? I'll down and sift out the Subtility of this Deceit.

Anv. There is no Government under the Sun, like the politick government of a Bawdy-house.

SONG. Set by Mr. *William Crofts.*

A Bonny Northern Lad,
As ever walkt the Streets of Endenborough *Town,*
Or wore a Silken Plad,
Or Dagger by his side;
Forlorn and wretched made,
By Moggy's *cau'd Disdain and killing Frown,*
Upon a Bank was laid,
Close by the River Tweed.
Ah Cruel Love, poor Jocky *cry'd,*
Of Joy thou rob'st my Life;
Whilst Moggy *runs away and frowns,*
And will not be my Wife.
In vain the Shepherds pipe and sing,
In vain too smiles the flowry Spring,
Since Love can no more Comfort bring,
Sweet Death come end the Strife.

Anv. Sweet Prologue to the insuing Interlude! [*Ent.* Bea. Dost hear me honest Fellow? was this the Parties Voice?

Bea. Only hers upon my sincerity, Sir.

Anv. Excellent! She has rais'd my desire above her Notes. Why am I thus ravish'd, and yet delay'd?

Bea. Sir, for that my Mistress craves your Pardon. 'Tis not her neglect, that works upon your Patience; But the necessity to rid a troublesome Lord or two out of the House, before the Party can appear to you. But please you to obscure your self in this dark Closet, while I convey them hence, and then, instantly, the top Gallant of Pleasure shall crown your Main-mast, she says.

Anv. O how her Wit and Care revives me! From henceforth she is my Bawd for ever. My *Discretion*! But are they wholesome Lords, *Sirrah?*

Bea. 'Tis no matter for any thing they did hear, Sir, I warrant you. In quickly, pray Sir.

Anv. Must I be lock'd in? *Bea.*

Bea. You cannot be ſafe elſe Sir.

Anv. The Politick Government of this Common-wealth!

SCENE IV.

Enter Tridewell, Trainwell.

Tri. Indeed, Lady, I am ſo far from being in any Plot herein, that I proteſt it was merely by his outſide, and that in the doubtful light of the Evening, that I could gueſs 'twas he. And had he been deny'd, I had gone well ſatisfy'd, it had been ſome other man. Which if it prove, and ſo his name be abus'd — Or if it be he indeed, though hitherto my moſt reſpected Couſin, that offers ſuch an outrage, as you deliver it to be: I am ſo much a Friend to Honeſty, that let me but ſee the Man or Beaſt, I'll do the fair office of a Gentleman to right you. Indeed, Lady, I will.

Tra. You profeſs nobly, Sir. Firſt, will it pleaſe you ſee this Gentlewoman, ſo much the Servant of your Kinſman? What ſhe is I have told you. Only I preſent her to your Judgment, whether her outward ſeeming may deſerve ſuch ſcorn?

Enter Conſtance.

Tri. Alaſs, Fair Lady, would they injure you?

Con. Yea, ſeath, and ſcorn me too, Sir. Ill betide them. But and you doe me help, and ma' Sir *Philip* loove me, God reward you.

Tri. And has your Youth and Beauty plac'd your Love on him?

Con. Gude ſeath, Sir, I may not ſay how weell I love him: But were I one of neere ſa mickle, heeſt eene have all. And yet he looves me not.

Tri. Indeed 'tis pitiful. Weep not, ſweet Lady. He ſhall love ye.

Con. Now God's benſon light o' ye for it.

Tri. Shew me the Miſchief that hath abus'd us all. Can you conceal him longer?

Tra. In thus much, to conjure you by your Manhood, to do nothing that Law may queſtion, to your, or our diſadvantage: we ſhall not need, For our own Right, to do our ſelves miſdeed. Therefore take this in hand. —— (*Ropes end.*)

Tri. You do inſtruct me well. Pray let me ſee him.

Anvil *out of the Cloſet.*

An. Oh for a large Window, one of the laſt Edition, to leap out wth half my life or limbs.

Con.

Con. Lo ye, lo ye, the worſt like man to Sir *Philip*, ye ſaw in all your days.

Tri. Miſchievous Devil! What magical Madneſs conjur'd you into this ſhape? Indeed I'll conjure you out on't.

Anv. Oh hold: for Heavens ſake hold, I'll confeſs.

Tri. Nay, indeed I'll beat you a little firſt, you'll confeſs the better. 'Twill come the eaſier from you. 'Tis a good Preparative. [*Beats him.*

Anv. Oh! oh, I'll confeſs any thing.

Tri. No, Sir, not any thing. But the truth, the truth, Sir.

Anv. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, ſo help me —

Tri. You would be ſwearing now, would you? there's for that.

Anv. No, indeed, indeed, and indeed la, I will not.

Tra. Good Sir, no more. What may this poor thing be, that brav'd it ſo but now?

Tri. I'll tell you, Lady. The moſt notorious, baſe, beaten Raſcal about the Town. 'Twere loſt breath to ſay more by him. He is as you ſee. Only his name is *Anvil*; and they that know him not, call him Captain.

Bea. Anvil? Pray, Sir, let me try my blade on him too.

Tri. I pray thee do, to ſave me a labour: for he is not half beaten yet. [Beavis *beats him.*

Anv. Oh, oh. Ladies ſpeak for me. Ha' you no Mercy?

Tra. Hold. No more.

Tri. Well, Sir, thank the Ladies. Now, Sir, put this Ladies Favour here in your pocket; and keep it there till I call for it. And mark what I ſay, if ever I find thee without this Inſtrument, or the like, when I ſhall call for it, to beat thee (mark me) indeed I'll beat thee dead. And now to your Examination. How got your rotten Mutton-ſhip into this Lyon's Caſe? was it by the Owner's knowledge? was the Maſter of theſe Cloaths privy to your Undertaking? Anſwer, Sirrah *bona fide*, I or no.

Anv. No, upon my Life; only his Man abus'd me for my Money.

Tri. What Preſumption made you think ſo vilely of theſe Gentlewomen?

Anv. Sir *Philip*'s own words to his Man, upon a Letter this Lady deliver'd to him this morning.

Tri. The Error's found. Her name you ſay is *Conſtance*, which likewiſe is the name of a proſtituted Strumpet, with whom, 'tis thought, the wantonneſs of his Youth hath held former familiarity; and now it ſeems makes doubt, imagining that Letter to be hers, that ſhe pretends a claim to him.

Anv.

Anv. Right, Sir: which he took ſo contemptuouſly, that inſtantly he reſolved to marry the Widow, Mrs. *Fitchow*; and was this morning married privately in a Chamber, within an hour after you ſaw him.

Con. And I undone then.

Tri. And I, if it be ſo.

Anv. It is undoubtedly true. I ſaw them married, and dined with them, at his Lodging, where they will ſup too: But after Supper they go to her Houſe in the Town to bed.

Tri. This foul miſtaking we ſhall all repent, if we prevent not what may iſſue from it.

Tra. Alas, Sir, all will be too late.

Tri. Will you but truſt my Service for your Honour?

Tra. We will wait on you, Sir.

Tri. Then, Sir, for this time you ſhall be repriev'd
From further Penance: Riſe and be our Guide.
But keep your Fear ſtill: for if all our Art,
Miſcarry, thou art ſure to ſhare the ſmart. [*Ex.*

SCENE V.

Enter Pate, Howdee.

Pa. Brother *Humfrey*, take my hand and word for thy Inſtructions. I will acquaint thee with an old Ladies Uſher, in the *Strand*, that ſhall give thee thy Gait, thy Poſtures, thy Language, thy Habit, and thy whole Charge in ſo plain a Method, that thou ſhalt inſtantly ſtart up as pretty a Gentleman-Uſher, none diſprais'd, as any between *Temple-bar* and *Charing-croſs*; marry farther I cannot promiſe you. But prithee tell me. Is our Lady of ſo hot a Temper and ſtately Carriage as ſhe is reputed?

Ho. O, I, Brother. She muſt command all, or all ſhall ſmoke for't. She did ſo in my old Maſter's days I am ſure. And he glad of Peace at that rate too.

Pa. But how is ſhe to her Servants? Bountiful and free?

Ho. Yes, both of her Voice and Hands.

Pa. She will not ſtrike, will ſhe?

Ho. And ſhe could bite as well, the rankeſt Jade that e'er was curried could not come near her.

Pa. Heaven be good to us! ſhe ne'er ſtruck thee, did ſhe?

Ho. 'Tis no matter for that.

Pa. Nay, Brother, you know we have vow'd to be all one: the Marriage hath united us. Prithee tell me.

Ho. She broke me a Tooth once with a Death's Head-ring on her finger: it had like to ha' coſt me my life! 't has been a true *Memento* to me ever ſince; bobs o' the lips, tweaks by the noſe, cuffs o' the ear, and trenchers at my head in abundance.

Pa. Will ſhe throw too?

Ho. Any thing ſhe can lift; and makes us pay for all ſhe breaks, though ſhe break our heads or faces with it. Fan-handles, Looking-glaſſes, or any thing.

Pa. We ſhall have a foul Houſe on't I fear: But ſince it is too late, fight Dog, fight Bear. I'll turn my Maſter looſe to her. Here they come. By this Light methinks they look as if they were fallen out already.

SCENE VI.

Enter Luckleſs, Fitchow, *Waiting-woman*, Widgin *and* Bulfinch. *At the other Door*, Squelch, Nonſenſe, *and* Beavis.

Squ. Though I were abſent at the Ceremony, I now bring my wiſhes of much Joy.

Luc. And not too late I hope, Sir *Paul.* We may yet carry them to bed with us.

Fit. You had been chiefly, Sir, invited, had we not ſtoln a day from Time, to have done a Father's part at Church, to which in your abſence, I intreated our worthy Friend Mr. *Apprehenſion Bulfinch* here.

Squ. Mr. *Bulfinch*, I rejoice to meet you here directly. Look you, Sir. Do you know this young Gentleman?

Bul. Yes ſure, methinks I ſhould know him. But I am ſure I never ſaw him before. Ha ——

Squ. Have you forgot, Sir *Hercules*?

Bul. I apprehend him to be Mr. *Solomon Nonſenſe*, Son and Heir to my right worthy Friend, Sir *Hercules Nonſenſe* of *Cornwall*. If you be not he, Sir, I am ſure it is you. I may be deceiv'd, but I am certain 'tis he.

Luc. He is doubtful, but yet he is ſure he knows him. What a *Bulfinch* is this! ſure 'tis his Language they call Bull-ſpeaking.

Non. You ſay very well, Sir. And never credit me as you knew my Father, I would be very ready, as you know how Duty binds: for becauſe it is a uſual thing in theſe days, deſiring the Love and Friendſhip, I proteſt and vow, Sir, I ſhould —

Luc.

Luc. Moſt perfect *Nonſenſe!* this is a finer Youth than t'other. My Wife's Acquaintance are moſt anſwerable to her Kindred.

Squ. 'Tis ſo directly Mr. *Bulfinch*, and I have brought him to Town — I underſtand my Niece is in your Houſe, my Lady Bride. Is ſhe employ'd in your Chamber?

Fit. She is not here, Sir. Is ſhe *Howdee*?

Ho. Certes, no, Madam.

Squ. How! not here? Sirrah, what did you tell me?

Bea. What ſhall I ſay or do? I ſhall be hang'd directly.

Squ. How was ſhe accompanied?

Bea. By my Miſtreſs, Sir, and two Gentlemen of her Acquaintance, whoſe names I know not.

Squ. Knavery, Villainy, and Thievery! I ſmell it rank. She's ſtoln, ſhe's gone directly.

Wid. 'Tis indirectly, Sir, if ſhe be ſtoln. There your Word fails you.

Squ. If ſhe be in the Land I will recover her. I hope I ſhall find as much Right in Law, as a Broker or a Joyner.

Fit. Good Sir *Paul*, I have not ſeen you thus diſtemper'd. What afflicts you?

Squ. Oh, Mrs. *Fitchow*, my Niece, my Niece.

Wid. He's mad, I think. Sir, you forget my Siſter is a Lady.

Squ. She's loſt, ſhe's ſtoln, and all my Joy is gone. My Niece, my *Conſtance*.

Luc. Conſtance!

Fit. Who, your young Niece that came lately out of the Countrey?

Wid. My *Countrey Thing*, Siſter, that you promis'd me?

Squ. Promis'd you? I am abus'd. I do ſuſpect you Acceſſaries. Sir, I have purpos'd and promis'd her to this Gentleman. And here I charge you to reſtore her me.

Wid. Are you the Man, Sir, that muſt have her?

Non. Never credit me, Sir, if I have her, or have her not, to my knowledge.

Squ. Sir *Philip*, you are courteous and noble: As you will continue ſo in Opinion of honeſt Men, let me have Right.

Luc. Sir *Paul*, upon my Faith I am ignorant of any ſuch wrong. And, for her part, ſhould ſhe fare amiſs, I ſhould ſuffer in her Injury equally with your ſelf: For I profeſs to you, I did love rhe Laſs ſo well; and at the firſt ſight, that had I not been otherwiſe allotted, and indeed contracted to her, from whom now there is no ſtarting, ſhe would have been my Bride, if all my Love and Fortune might have won her.

Fit. Had you ſpar'd this Proteſtation, Sir, you might have diſſembl'd your Love to me the better.

Luc. Diſſemble?

Fit. 'Tis ſaid Sir.

Pa. By this Hand my Lady's Jealous already.

Ho. Bleſs us! what Looks are theſe!

Squ. Sir I muſt take my leave, this is no time to trouble you.

Luc. Nay good Sir ſtay, and ſhare in our ill Banquet. Hark, ſome Friend I hope. Look Sirrah——*Muſick flouriſh.* [*Ex.* Pate.

Fit. Some of your old Companions have brought you a fit of Mirth. But if they enter to make a Tavern of my Houſe, I'll add a Voice to their conſort ſhall drown all their fidling. What are they?

Pa. Some that come in gentile Faſhion to preſent a Mask.

Fit. Lock up the Doors, and keep them out. [*Ex.* Howdee.

Luc. Break them open and let them in —— [*Ex.* Pate.

Fit. Shall I not be Maſter of my own Houſe?

Luc. Am not I the Maſter of it and you—— *Ex.* Luc.

Wid. Nay Siſter ——

Fit. Paſſion of my Heart.

Squ. Bull. Madam, Madam.

Squ. You muſt allow of reaſonable things.

Bull. Be contented, Sir *Philip* is a noble Gentleman, and a Courtier, and, as I apprehend——

Wid. I dare warrant you Siſter theſe are of his Friends, that come with their Loves to congratulate his Fortune. Speak Maſter *Nonſenſe.* A ſpeech of your's would do't.

Non. Never credit me, But I forſooth am of that Opinion, that it is as it were. I proteſt and vow—I ſhould be as ſorry as any Man.—

Wid. If this were to be put into Latin now. Which were the principal Verb.

Fit. Mr. *Nonſenſe*, you have prevail'd. You ſee I am content.

Luc. But what I purpoſe, Fate ſhall not prevent.

Wid. Did I not tell you? [*Enter* Mask.

Luc. More lights, and let them enter. Gentlemen take your places. Sir *Paul* to night forget your ſorrow. So will I mine, though I renew't to morrow. Come ſit ſit. Miſtreſs pleaſe you.

Fit. You wrong your Honour Sir, your moſt humble Hand-maid.

Wid. Brother, I told you always ſhe had haſty Humours, and as unreaſonable as Heart can wiſh, but ſoon over. Now ſhe's as mild as any Dove again.

Luc. Then we are Friends; and ſhe's my Dove again.

Muſick.

Muſick.

The Maſquers Enter. All in Willow Garlands. Four Men. Four Women. The two firſt Pairs are Tridewell *and* Conſtance, Anvil *and* Trainwell.

A Dance here.

At the end of which, Tridewell *and* Conſtance *whiſper with* Anvil, *each of them giving him a folded Paper.*

Luc. 'Tis well perform'd. Now we would gladly know. To whom we owe our thanks.

Anv. That I'll deliver to you. Mean while the reſt deſire they may withdraw a while.

Luc. Light, and all Fair Reſpect be given unto them——[*Exeunt. all the Maſquers but* Anvil.

Squ. The Womans Voice had much in't like my Niece.

Wid. Your Niece, Sir *Paul*, ods me I muſt go ſee her.

Luc. Nay Brother, give them all their free pleaſures. By your leave you ſhall ſtay.

Wid. Shall: ſhall I? I will then.

Anv. Now to your Patience I diſcloſe my ſelf.

Wid. Whoop! my Governour! Look you Siſter. Look you Sir *Philip.* Did I not always tell you he was the rareſt Wit i'the World? This was his own Invention I'll be hang'd elſe. Sweet Governour? the Conceit of the Willow, and why thou weareſt it.

Anv. My ſelf, only to make the number in the Dance ſuitable. And ſo did all the reſt to fulfil the Faſhion, only two excepted, that were the Leaders and Subject of the Dance. The one your Couſin *Tridewell*, who holds himſelf a loſt Lover, in that you Madam, to whom his affection is wholy devoted, have made your ſelf incapable of him, in being the lawful Right of another. This Paper ſhews him more at large.

Luc. Is't poſſible! Did he for that ſo earneſtly diſſwade me from her this Morning?

Fit. I never ſaw him before this day, nor he me. Theſe are Tricks and ſtudied Fooleries to abuſe me———

[*tears the Paper.*

Luc. Who was the other?

Anv. She was your fair Niece, Sir *Paul*: the moſt diſconſolate Beauty that e're I ſaw, giving her ſelf for ever loſt unto your Love Sir *Philip*, preſuming you once promis'd her Marriage, of which ſhe made a claim this Morning by her Nurſe, whom you revil'd by name of Bawd, calling fair *Conſtance* Whore, and to her more deſpite, haſtned your Marriage ſooner by a day, than you before intended with this Lady.

Luc.

Luc. Conſtance! May that name in all other Women be accurſed beyond themſelves Hell it ſelf could not have vapour'd ſuch an Error forth, as I am loſt in. *Conſtance!* why was that name made hers, that Saint-like Maids, when it brought to my mind a Devils, nay worſe, a Whores? to whom before 'twas given.

Bull. Sir *Philip*, and Madam, you apprehend theſe things as things done, when they are not things in Deed, but as it were Shew and Device, as by the Sequel you may at large apprehend.

Squ. I am of your mind Maſter *Bulfinch*. And truſt me, I am glad my Niece was drawn into the Witty conceit. For which with a new Gown I'll thank her. *Ent.* Pate.

Luc. Where is ſhe? I will endure no longer till I ſee her.

Pa. The Maſquers are all gone Sir.

Luc. Gone Villain?

Pa. They took their Coaches inſtantly, and diſpers'd themſelves by ſeveral ways. I had no Commiſſion to ſtay them.

Fit. Are you ſo ſenſible of her loſs?——*Ex* Fit. *with her Servants.*

Squ. My Niece might, notwithſtanding her loſt Love, have ta'en me home in her Coach.

Luc. You ſhall have mine Sir *Paul* and my Company ſo far to ſee her; and whether their preſentation were Jeſt or Earneſt, I will not reſt till I be ſatisfied; my Coach. I'll make no ſtay Sweet-heart. She's gone.

Wid. Excellent! the Bride's ſtollen to Bed.

Squ. It ſhould be ſo. I like the cuſtom well.

Bull. For if you apprehend it rightly, it expreſſeth duty in the Woman to ly prepared for him; and love in the Man, not to be ſlack to embrace that Duty.

Wid. A pretty Moral! A Womans duty to ly down, and a Mans Love to get up. One may learn ſomething of theſe old Fellows every day.

Squ. Therefore no Coach, no Company noble Knight. Purſue your home Occaſions, and God gi' ye Joy.

Luc. Nay Sir *Paul*. I proteſt——

Squ. Not a word more of it directly.

Wid. Take me with you good Sir *Paul* to ſee your Niece. I find Maſter *Nonſenſe* here very indifferent. And I know 'twill be the greater Joy to her, to match but into the Family of Sir *Philip*, of which I am half a Pillar now. Beſides my Siſter made me half a promiſe of her in good Faith, my Governour's my Witneſs, and I have lov'd her ever ſince.

Squ. But you never ſaw her Face.

Wid.

Wid. No, but I'll be hang'd if I did not love her Mask, but juſt now, though I cou'd not tell whoſe 'twas, nor which was which.

Squ. Good Maſter *Walter Widgin*, this is no time of night to dive into Buſineſs of this depth. It is Neſtling time I take it. How think you Maſter *Bulfinch*. [*Exeunt.*

Bull. I apprehend it to be paſt 12 a Clock very near.

Squ. Therefore what your Siſter hath promis'd you, let her perform, if ſhe can. Mean time this Gentleman is my choice: come Maſter *Nonſenſe*, you have had a long time of Silence. Maſter *Bulfinch.*———

The End of the ſecond Act.

Act III. Scene I.

Enter Luckleſs.

Luc. What has ſhe written here? It is the ſame hand I read in the Morning. [*reads*]

I am not your counterfeit, or unchaſt Conſtanee: But that only Conſtance, that truly loves you; and that will, if you live not for me, die for you. Oh that I could at any price or penance now redeem one day! Never was haſty Match ſooner repented.

Enter *Widgin*, *Anvile.*

Wid. He's melancholy methinks. 'Slid my Siſter may lye long enough languiſhing for a Ladiſhip, if this fit hold him; for ſhe has it not really till he go to bed and dub her.

Anv. Will you not go to Bed Sir? we wait for your points.

Luc. I will. But is it time? Brother, wou'd you would do me the favour to enquire.

Wid. Yes, I'll go ſee for the Poſſets ſake——— *Ex.*

Luc. Captain, deal fairly with me. By what means joined you with this Society? or how grew ſo ſoon your truſt or great acquaintance with them?

Anv. Without Offence I'll tell you. You know this Morning at your Lodging, there paſt ſome words betwixt me, and your ſullen Kinſman, Mr.——— piſh, *Tridewell*, and from him too much indeed for me, a profeſt Souldier to hear: But the place protected him. Till after upon mature conſideration, I made after him for ſatisfaction, thus arm'd as you ſee. Purpoſing with this Ropes end to right me; and to maintain that right with this ſword, which I thank *Mars*

never

Luc. Constance! May that name in all other Women be accurſed beyond themſelves Hell it ſelf could not have vapour'd ſuch an Error forth, as I am loſt in. *Conſtance!* why was that name made hers, that Saint-like Maids, when it brought to my mind a Devils, nay worſe, a Whores? to whom before 'twas given.

Bull. Sir *Philip*, and Madam, you apprehend theſe things as things done, when they are not things in Deed, but as it were Shew and Device, as by the Sequel you may at large apprehend.

Squ. I am of your mind Maſter *Bulfinch*. And truſt me, I am glad my Niece was drawn into the Witty conceit. For which with a new Gown I'll thank her. *Ent.* Pate.

Luc. Where is ſhe? I will endure no longer till I ſee her.

Pa. The Maſquers are all gone Sir.

Luc. Gone Villain?

Pa. They took their Coaches inſtantly, and diſpers'd themſelves by ſeveral ways. I had no Commiſſion to ſtay them.

Fit. Are you ſo ſenſible of her loſs?——*Ex* Fit. *with her Servants.*

Squ. My Niece might, notwithſtanding her loſt Love, have ta'en me home in her Coach.

Luc. You ſhall have mine Sir *Paul* and my Company ſo far to ſee her; and whether their preſentation were Jeſt or Earneſt, I will not reſt till I be ſatisfied; my Coach. I'll make no ſtay Sweet-heart. She's gone.

Wid. Excellent! the Bride's ſtollen to Bed.

Squ. It ſhould be ſo. I like the cuſtom well.

Bull. For if you apprehend it rightly, it expreſſeth duty in the Woman to ly prepared for him; and love in the Man, not to be ſlack to embrace that Duty.

Wid. A pretty Moral! A Womans duty to ly down, and a Mans Love to get up. One may learn ſomething of theſe old Fellows every day.

Squ. Therefore no Coach, no Company noble Knight. Purſue your home Occaſions, and God gi' ye Joy.

Luc. Nay Sir *Paul.* I proteſt——

Squ. Not a word more of it directly.

Wid. Take me with you good Sir *Paul* to ſee your Niece. I find Maſter *Nonſenſe* here very indifferent. And I know 'twill be the greater Joy to her, to match but into the Family of Sir *Philip*, of which I am half a Pillar now. Beſides my Siſter made me half a promiſe of her in good Faith, my Governour's my Witneſs, and I have lov'd her ever ſince.

Squ. But you never ſaw her Face.

Wid.

Wid. No, but I'll be hang'd if I did not love her Mask, but just now, though I cou'd not tell whose 'twas, nor which was which.

Squ. Good Master *Walter Widgin*, this is no time of night to dive into Business of this depth. It is Nestling time I take it. How think you Master *Bulfinch*. [*Exeunt.*

Bull. I apprehend it to be past 12 a Clock very near.

Squ. Therefore what your Sister hath promis'd you, let her perform, if she can. Mean time this Gentleman is my choice: come Master *Nonsense*, you have had a long time of Silence. Master *Bulfinch.*———

The End of the second Act.

Act III. Scene I.

Enter Luckless.

Luc. What has she written here? It is the same hand I read in the Morning. [*reads*]

I am not your counterfeit, or unchast Constanee: But that only Constance, that truly loves you; and that will, if you live not for me, die for you. Oh that I could at any price or penance now redeem one day! Never was hasty Match sooner repented.

Enter *Widgin*, *Anvile.*

Wid. He's melancholy methinks. 'Slid my Sister may lye long enough languishing for a Ladiship, if this fit hold him; for she has it not really till he go to bed and dub her.

Anv. Will you not go to Bed Sir? we wait for your points.

Luc. I will. But is it time? Brother, wou'd you would do me the favour to enquire.

Wid. Yes, I'll go see for the Possets sake——— *Ex.*

Luc. Captain, deal fairly with me. By what means joined you with this Society? or how grew so soon your trust or great acquaintance with them?

Anv. Without Offence I'll tell you. You know this Morning at your Lodging, there past some words betwixt me, and your sullen Kinsman, Mr.——— pish, *Tridewell*, and from him too much indeed for me, a profest Souldier to hear: But the place protected him. Till after upon mature consideration, I made after him for satisfaction, thus arm'd as you see. Purposing with this Ropes end to right me; and to maintain that right with this sword, which I thank *Mars*

never

never yet fail'd me; as it hath been well manifested by the effusion of much unworthy Blood of my Abusers, in *France*, *Spain*, *Italy*, *Poland*, *Sweden*, *Hungary*, all parts of *Germany*.

Luc. Good Captain travel not so far in your relation: but come home again to the business.

Anv. I have us'd it in some score or two of Sea-Fights too by the way.

Luc. But to the matter Captain; where met you my Cousin?

Anv. The first sight I recover'd of him, was as he was entring the the house of the greasie Knight there, what d'ye call him?

Luc. Sir *Paul-Squelch*?

Anv. Squelch, I, a pox squelch him. I waited a quarter of an hour at his door, for your Kinsman; and longer I would not, had he been Kinsmant o the Emperor, and my Enemy; Therefore in I went, and told Mr. *Tridewell* in his ear, my coming was to call him forth, to discharge the Office of a Gentleman with his Sword, in answering those Wrongs wherewith I held my reputation wounded. Was it not well, ha? Could a poor Gemtleman say more? and that in civil fashion very privately in respect of the Company, not shewing any the least distemper, in look or gesture: But the Women read presently in his countenance the whole Matter; and briefly, by their pretty Perswasion, I took ordinary satisfaction of him.

Luc. What was that Captain?

Anv. Why he confess'd he wrong'd me, was sorry for't, and so forth. What should we speak more on't. This you must not speak of neither. You must promise me that o' your honour, as you desire to hear what follows: I love no ripping up old sores.

Luc, Not a word I, Captain upon my word. What a Rascal's this; to the point good Captain.

Anv. Then thus Sir? I soon perceiv'd their drift, to appease and win me to their Friendship, was for my Assistance, and indeed to bear them out in this nights work, the Mask. The whole Plot of all which, was meerly to sow Dissention between you and your new-marr'ed Lady, to work if they can a Separation, before carnal Copulation. In which if they can prevail, and that the Dislike continue between you to that height, that a Divorce be required equally by the consent of you both, your Marriage then is frustrated, and you stand *in statu quo prius* D'ye hear. So your Cousin *Tridewell* may lawfully pursue his hopes in your Bride, whom he loves as eagerly as the melancholy Virgin dotes on you.

Luc. But may this hold Good in Law, Captain?

Anv. There's a Canon for it Sir. If both parties agree to a divorce after Marriage, so it be before Copulation.

Luc.

Luc. Though the former part of his diſcourſe, was a moſt egregious lye, yet the laſt has ſome ſound of Pleaſure in it: which I may make uſe of. *Enter* Tridewell.

Tri. Come gi' me the Inſtrument. Shall I never find thee any where, but thou wilt by juſt deſert exact a Beating from me? Haſt thou no conſcience? wouldſt thou have me lame my ſelf, or melt my greaſe upon thee. Come Sir, I have over-heard you all; give me the Inſtrument, the Inſtrument I ſay. Indeed I'll have it. So. Now Sir.

Luc. Nay, Couſin, for the ſervice he hath done you to night, and love of me, pardon him this time. Beſides, his charge is in the houſe, at whoſe charge he lives. You will both ſhame and undo him.

Tri. Well Sir, I ſhall for this time pardon you, and never beat you more, if before Sir *Phillip* here you will ſubſcribe to this. 'Tis nothing but a faithful proteſtation to do reaſonable things as I ſhall appoint, and not to reveal what I ſhall truſt you withal.

Anv. If you will Covenant on your part in defence of my Reputation, to let me rail at you behind your back, I will ſubſcribe,

Tri. Take your pleaſure. I am content. Write Sir.

In what without a Knave we cannot end;
A Knave employ'd do's th' office of a Friend.

Anv. Here Sir, I deliver it as my deed

Tri. Here, and I deliver you this again to keep. Indeed you ſhall, for performance of Covenants. *Ent.* Widgin.

Wid. Oh Sir you are defeated. My Siſter hath fortified her Lodging with Locks, Bolts, Bars, and Barricado's,

Luc. To what end Brother: for what cauſe?

Anv. I know not whether it be Diſcontent or Wilfulneſs, that poſſeſſes her: but you are to have no entrance there to night. That ſhe has ſufficiently Sworn.

Tri. Good.

Luc. How! am I denied? To my wiſh.

Tri. Pray let me ſpeak with you, Sir.

Luc. At large you ſhall. For though it be my wedding night, you ſhall be my Bedfellow. Lights there. Good night Brother.—— *Ex.*

Tri. Good night Captain.—— *Ex.*

Wid. How now Governour? what hath anger'd thee? ſomething troubles thy Countenance.

Anv. Your coming, and the priviledge of this place once more preſerv'd that unworthy *Tridewell* from the Juſtice of my Fury, which ſhould have fallen on him, had he been twin'd with me by this light.

Wid. By this light, Governour? would you a fought by Candle light.

Anv. Sir, I dare do't by Day light, Moon-light, Star-light.

Wid. Owl-light.

An. Any light under the Sun. And that shall by try'd well on *Tridewels* head, D'ye hear?

Wid. A good jest! Tride well upon *Tridewell*. He has Wit in his Anger. But Governour, laying your Anger aside, let me be beholding to your Wit in acheiving this Northern Lass. Thy Acquaintance with her must be the means. Prethee go lye with me, and help me to dream out some course. Nay look now thy Fury blows so high thou dost not hear me.

Anv. Not hear? yes, were I in a Combat as great as ever I my self fought any, I could both hear, and give counsel. Therefore say unto your self, by the help of your Governour she's your own.

Wid. O Man past example!

Anv. But D'ye hear?

Wid. Here, here. Thou shalt have any thing——*gives him Mony.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Squelch, Constance, Nonsense, Trainewell.

Squ. Come your ways Huswife. No more of your whinings, and counterfeit Tricks. If this Gentleman be not worthy of your Love, I am not worthy to be your Uncle, directly.

Tra. Alas, what mean you Sir.

Squ. Accept of him, you accept of me. If you refuse him you deny me directly.

Tra. She understands you not a word Sir.

Squ. If you join Hands and faith with him. Here's your Portion, there's your Jointure; if not, your way lies before you, pack directly.

Tra. Good Sir, consider her Disease. If her Understanding were direct, you might speak directly to her. But if I have any Discretion she is too full of Melancholy to be purg'd this way.

Squ. What would you have me do? Or how, in your Discretion, would you counsel me?

Tra. Not to be mad Sir, because she is Melancholy; not by taking a wrong course for her recovery to ruin her, and forfeit your Judgment. Do you think, that commands with chidings, threats, or stripes have power to work upon her, when she has neither Will nor Reason within her self to do, or not to do any thing whatsoever.

Squ. Now the gigs up.

Tra. If her Health in Sense and Understanding were perfect, yet as she is Woman, her Will were first to be wrought upon by fair and gentle Treaty. But as she is at this time so sick in Mind, that knowledge

ledge of what ſhe is, what ſhe does, eſpecially of what ſhe ſhould do is dead in her, her Mind muſt be firſt recover'd; and that by a due courſe, in ſoft and temperate proceedings; to which fit times as well as fit means muſt be allowed. Moreover———

Squ. Oh! No moreover I beſeech you, nor more of her at this time. I underſtand your purpoſe already. I do directly. Therefore ſpeedily take what courſe, and uſe what means ſhall in your Diſcretion be thought fit, I will ſubſcribe, I will directly ſubſcribe to your Diſcretion. My Wife when ſhe went out of the World left me a great Curſe behind her in the charge ſhe gave me of this Woman, this quick ſighted Guide of my Houſe, a blind one were better.

Tra. You ſhould firſt ſee, if it pleaſed you, how her Affection may be wrought upon by the Gentlemans own fair entreaty. Pray Sir ſpeak to her like a Suiter, look upon him Sweet-heart: This Gentleman loves you. Pray ſpeak Sir. Do you not?

Non. Never credit me pretty Gentlewoman———

Con. Nor will I, fear it not. Nor any Man that ſays he loves me. For alas, I was too lately ſcorn'd.

Non. You are a Laſs indeed. I proteſt and vow, and ſuch a one, as I would be very ſorry to appear any way, or in the leaſt degree, as it were, pleaſe you to underſtand me: for I'll be ſworn, there is not in the World.

Con. Truth in ſwearing, leſs in promiſing.

Non. If you will believe me Lady.

Con. Nor ne Man for your ſake.

Non. There is not in the World I ſay——

Con. I ſay ſo too, what was't I pray.

Non. There is not in the World any Gentlewoman——

Con. Tell that no further: for we are too gentle leſſen Men were leſs Cruel.

Tra. Hear him ſpeak *Conſtance.*

Con. You ſhall hear me ſing, firſt, by your leave.

Tra. Poor Heart.

Squ. Here's wiſe Work! direct Lunacy and Ideotiſm. Bleſs my Houſe from the Ward Maſters Informers.

Con. Pray Sir, are you Sir *Phillip?*

Tra. Say you are.

Non. Yes Lady, I am Sir *Phillip.*

Con. But you are none of my Sparrow: Your Mouth's not wide enough for your Words.

Tra. She has ſtop'd his Mouth there.

Con His words would ſoften Adamantine ears.

And looks would melt a Marble heart to tears. O wea is me!

Tra Nay you must not weep Sweet-heart.

Con. What mun I do than? Shall I ever get him by singing trou ye? Introth I would never but sing, if I thought that were the gaineſt way.

Tra. I had rather hear you sing though, than see you weep.

Con It must be of my Love than, my Sparrow as I told you. And thus it goes.

SONG.

A Bonny bonny Bird I had,
A bird that was my Marroe:
A bird whose pastime made me glad,
And Philip *'twas my Sparrow.*
A pretty Play fere: Chirp it would,
And hop, and fly to fist,
Keep out, as 'twere a Usurers Gold,
And bill'd me when I list.
Philip, Philip, Philip *it cryes*
But he is fled and my Joy dyes.
But were my Philip *com'd again,*
I would not change my Love,
For Juno's *Bird with gawdy train,*
Nor yet for Venus *Dove.*
Nay, would my Philip *come again,*
I would not change my state,
For his great Namesakes wealth of Spain,
To be anothers Mate.
Philip Philip, *&c.*

No, no, you cannot be the Man. I know him right weel by you Sir, as wily as you be. Gin you had all his trim Geer upon you, and all his Sweets about you, yet I should not be so fond to mistake a Jenny Howlet for a Tassell Gentle. Ah, ah, ha.

Tra. Why Love, what fault do you find in this Gentleman?

Con. Feath, but een ean. That he is not Sir *Philip.* For thus would he do. Thus would he kiss his hand; and thus ta' me by mine. Thus would he look, and set his eye on mine: And give me leave to see my self in's eyen. 'Twas the best Glass introth that e're I saw. I ne're lookt weel sine. Nor e're shall I'm sure, until I see me there again. Sings

But he is geane, alas he's geane, and all too late I sorrow:
For I shall never be weell again, till yesterday be to morrow. God

God you good Even Sir.—— *Ex.*

Tra. Follow her Sir.

Squ. And put her to't Sir, and out of this humour. I'll add the tother five hundred to her Portion, and you bring her about handſomely. O when I was a Batchelor! I think I can do ſomewhat yet in my old days. But when I was a Batchelor, how I could have handl'd this geer.

Non. Never credit me Sir, if you will believe me but ——

Squ. I do believe you Sir ſufficiently, good Maſter *Nonſenſe.* No more of your impertinent Speeches; but follow her, and put her to't I ſay, to't directly. Take her into the Orchard; 'twas there ſhe fell in love they ſay, It may be the place is Omenous. [*Ex.* Non.

Tra. Sir, there will be no way for her recovery, but to remove her lodging, and have ſome good Phyſicians about her.

Squ. Where you pleaſe, and uſe whoſe help you pleaſe: ſhe is your own; diſpoſe of her freely, as I will of what is mine. I'll take a new courſe of life directly. Let me ſee. She is loſt, paſt recovery. Say I ſhould marry. I might yet have an Heir of mine own.

Tra. Yes, but of whoſe getting Sir?

Squ. There might riſe a fearful queſtion.

Tra. Think not of it Sir. A man of your years, and gravity, with the reſpect the World gives you for your Place and Worſhip in the Common Wealth, together with the Riches you have pil'd up in a Mountainous eſtate; to caſt all down with your ſelf and Fortune at the foot of a Stranger! Think what would be thought of you, if ſuch a dotage ſhould poſſeſs you

Squ. She's falling into a tedious Lecture.

Tra. Pray how was Maſter *Spartledirt* talk'd on t'other day for doing ſuch a trick? yet he was held a wiſe Lawyer. You ſee a fair example in the late Marriage of Sir *Philip Luckleſs*, and his *Fitchow*, a Match of your own making, and cauſe of your Nieces and your own Misfortune.

Squ. No more I beſeech you.

Tra. Ther's tugging for a Maſtery, and buffetting for the Breeches. He barks at her, ſhe ſnaps at him; ſhe breaks his Wine Glaſs, he her Looking Glaſs; ſhe puts away his Servants, he turns away hers; ſhe locks her Chamber door, he bolts his, begetting nothing but a World of ſtriſe and diſorder.

Squ. I pray ſhut up that point, I will not marry. No directly I will not, though the truth is my purpoſe was to have caſt my ſelf and Fortune wholly upon you, if it might have ſeem'd well in your diſcretion, umh, umh.

Tra.

Tra. I pray ſtay a little Sir, take me along with you.

Squ. Not a ſtep further, this way by your leave. I think I have puzzel'd her Diſcretion.

Tra. Underſtand me Sir. As I would not have you fall raſhly upon any thing; no more would I have you fly ſuddenly from any purpoſe, without advice and ſober deliberation. If you ſhould marry one that would be a Comfortable Nurſe unto you, as (though I ſay't) you partly know———

Squ. Say you nothing, for I do know nothing, nor will I know nothing more of this matter directly: For if ever I marry, let me ſuffer all that the Law provides for Perjury; let me be cropt and ſlit worſe then a French Curtall, or a Parliamental Delinquent for blaſpheming the Blood Royal. No, I will now beſtow my wealth in Monumental good deeds, and charitable uſes in my life time, to be talked well on when I am dead.

Tra. Yes, build Almes-Houſes and Hoſpitals for Beggars, and provide *Bridewell* and houſes of Correction for your Friends and Kindred. Pray in give enough to *Bedlam*, you may feel ſome part of that benefit your ſelf before you die, if theſe fits hold you.

Squ. She would have me do no good with that I have neither. Let me conſider. The moſt I have, to ſay directly, hath not been very well gotten. Were it not a point of good conſcience, to ſpend that prodigally, and ſave a lewd Heir the ſins. And that which I have got well and Honeſtly, hath been with much care and travail; were it not then a point of equity to my ſelf, to ſpend that with eaſe and pleaſure? 'Tis done directly, what I have is mine own; and I will be merry with it. Within there, ho.

Tra. What's the toy now? *Ent. Clerk.*

Squ. Sirrah. Take theſe twenty pieces. Beſtow it all preſently in choiceſt Meats, and richeſt Wines for my Supper. This one nights Supper directly. What I have is mine own and I will be merry with it.

Tra. Cle. Bleſs us!

Squ. Six brace of Partridges, and ſix Pheaſants in a Diſh. Godwit's Knots, Quailes, and the reſt of the Meats anſwerable, for half a ſcore, or a dozen perſons of the beſt quality: whom I will think of preſently.

Cle. Brain of a downright Juſtice! What means my Maſter, to leap out of thirty Shillings a Week houſe-keeping, into twenty pounds a Supper? I may ſell my Clerks place: for ſure he means to thruſt himſelf out of the Commiſſion. He can be no Juſtice long if this humour hold. Who ſhall be the Gueſts tro?

Squ.

Squ. I have it directly. You ſhall go to the Ordinaries, and from thence invite ſuch young Gallants as you find to be Gameſters. I mean of the higheſt cut.

Tra. Men that you do not know Sir?

Squ. I directly. If they know me, or have heard of me 'tis ſufficient? we ſhall be ſoon accquainted. Bring not a Man with any paid-for Gold Lace or Scarlet about him, I charge you, nor without a Protection in his pocket.

Tra. You run a great hazard in this, Sir. You may perhaps be cheated of all you have, if I have any diſcretion.

Squ. And much good do't their good hearts. What I have is mine own, and I will be merry with it directly. You have put me by one or two courſes: But not all your diſcretion ſhall beat me out of this. If you take ſome care in the buſineſs, and huſwife the Entertainment to make it brave for my credit, you may get a Gown or a Jewel for it. If not—

Tra. I'll obey you. If he be mad I would not be fooliſh, but ſtrike in for a ſhare. And for your Gueſts Sir, let me alone; My man is beſt acquainted at the Ordinaries.

Squ. Why now you ſpeak.

Tra. Within there, *Beavis.* But introth Sir, I doubt whither any ſuch Gueſts will come, you have always been ſo ſtrict and terrible in your juſticiary courſes. *Ent.* Beavis.

Squ, Let him ſay mine eyes are opened, and their their vertue is revealed unto me. And if any of the Youngſters have Miſtreſſes, let 'em bring'em. They ſhall have Muſick; what I have is mine own, and I will be merry with it. My fleſh, though not in the way of Marriage, requires ſome ſatisfaction too. Where might a man in all this plentiful Town, find a choice piece directly that he might make his own? only his own? A very hard queſtion. And Cuſtom has made it almoſt an unreaſonable one, though it were ones own Wife. In a Citizens or Trademans Wife, a Man muſt Suffer the Rival-ſhip of a ſlovenly Husband: the ſtink of his horns ever under ones noſe. A caſt Lady, or Gentlewoman of courtly acquaintance, to maintain her, is to feed a Fountain, that waſts it ſelf through many Spowts: what I ſupply her with, will be drawn out by twenty. All her Friends muſt ſhare of my Prodigality. To train up an innocent Country Girl, is like hatching a Cuckoe; as ſoon as ſhe is ripe, and ſees the World afore her, ſhe flies at her advantage, and leaves me dead i'the neſt. How now. *Ent.* Clerk.

Cle. Sir, here's a Delinquent brought before your Worſhip to be examined, a Gentlewoman, Sir.

Squ. Who brings her?

Cle. Vexhem the Conſtable, Sir.

Squ. Look on his Feet. Sure 'tis the Devil in his likeneſs: That old Bawd knowing how it ſtood with me, has brought me one of his *Succubæ*. Art ſure 'tis *Vexhem?*

Cle. Sure, Sir? The Devil himſelf knows him not better than I know him from the Devil. I am ſure he has been in fee with me theſe nine years; almoſt ever ſince he was Conſtable; and has brought more Profit to my Desk than all the honeſt Officers in the Counties of your Commiſſion, Sir. Oh, he's a rare Fellow, he'll tickle a Whore in Coany.

Squ. You know my mind. I will in and handle this Geer in Privity.

Enter Nonſenſe, Conſtance.

Tra. Beavis, you underſtand me. Prithee go diſcreetly about it.

Bea. Pray let me ſee a little of this firſt.

Non. If I put her to't, or never offer to put any Woman to't again, never credit me: let me never be truſted, I proteſt and vow, Gentlewoman, ſhe has us'd me ———

Tra. Very ill favouredly, methinks.

Bea. Ha' you put her to't, *Sir*?

Non. I cannot put her to't, nor ſhe will not be put to't.

Con. I wo' not go to't, nor I mun not go to't, [*Sings.*

For Love, nor yet for Fee:
For I am a Maid, and will be a Maid,
And a good one till I dee.
Tet mine Intent, I could repent, for ean Man's Company.

But you are not he, *Sir*. If you be, you are wondrouſly chang'd. I am ſure his Faults were not written on his Forehead. God pardon him.

Non. If mine be, you can beſt read them, 'tis your own Hand-writing.

Bea. She has done a Cure on him. He ſpoke ſenſe now. Alas, *Sir*, that a fair Hand ſhould make ſuch Blots! what Hand is it? *Secretary*, Roman, Court, or Text? I have not ſeen the like: 'Tis all Dominical Letters, red Ink. His Face is like an Almanack of all Holy-days.

Tra. Sure 'tis *Stenography*, every Character a Word: and here and there one for a whole Sentence.

Bea. Here's one might ſerve for a whole Hiſtory. The Life and Death o' *Raw head* and *Bloody Bones*.

Non.

Non. I ſee I am not ſuch an Aſs, I would I might never ſtir but I am——Where's Sir *Paul*, If I dont tell him———

Tra. What did you to provoke her thus?

Non. Nothing but what I can anſwer in a ſort, d'ye ſee me, as well as———never gi' me credit I had warrant under his hand.

Bea. How Sir?

Non. By word of mouth Sir.

Bea. That's above the hand, by your leave.

Tra. Is it ſo? Good Sir, his meaning was you ſhould put her fairly on like a Lover, with ſweet Speeches and Gentle Behaviour.

Non. She underſtands nothing I can ſpeak.

Bea. Nor any body elſe, I think.

Tra. And therefore you fell to expreſs your ſelf in rude Action. She has ſerv'd you but well: you are a fine Putter to't indeed.

Conſtance *Sings.*

Mun toot, Mun toot, Mun ta ra ra ra, Mun ta ra ra ra ra ree.
And ever I Sigh and cry alack for Philips *Love I dee.*

Juſt ſo did our Dairy Maid at home ſerve my Lady *Fidlededees* Butler. And there I learnt it. But whan ſhe had ſo done what did ſhe than do? Beſtow'd a penn'orth of *Unguentum Album*, and it made him whole preſently. Good Mrs *Trainwell* ſend to your Pothecary for ſome: 'twill make him well e'en now.

Tra. I, Sweet-heart: But firſt you ſhall go in the Coach with me to the Doctors.

Con. I know I am not well too. But I'll have no Doctor but Sir *Philip.*

Tra. It ſhall be Sir *Philip*, (poor Soul, all muſt be Sir *Philip.*) You ſhall lye at his Houſe.

Con. But not with him by my faith, and your leave, in't we be married. Prithee *Beavis* gar him waſh his Face: he'll ſcare ſome bodies Bairns elſe.——— *Ex. with* Tra.

Bea. I'll throw him into the Dock, rather than he ſhall ſucceed *Jack O Dandy.* Come Sir, all ſhall be well again. Fear not.

Non. I thank you Sir.

SCENE III.

Enter Luckleſs *and* Tridewell.

Luc. Couſin, I underſtand you at full. And am glad that Occaſion hath pointed out a probability to lead me out of this Labyrinth; and you to your deſired End.

Tri. Follow but the way you are in Sir, and you ſhall arrive at your own wiſhes.

Luc. She has put me into't her ſelf too.

Tri. By ſequeſtring her ſelf from you the firſt Night.

Luc. For which Couſin if I take not Occaſion to keep my ſelf from her, all Nights, Days, and Times hereafter, may the act of our Bodies beget prodigious Monſters and nothing elſe.

Tri. A fearful Vow! look to't. And I warrant ſhe ſues for a Divorce firſt.

Luc. May we prove but as certain as you are confident, in our other project, for recalling *Conſtance* to her ſelf, and me then to her; theſe Fetters being ſhaken off, may they prove golden ones to you, I ſhall not envy you.

Tri. For her take no thought Sir. The intereſt I have in her Tuttreſs, with the Work I have faſhion'd upon my *Anvil*, ſhall bring all to your wiſh. I expect to hear from him inſtantly.

Luc. I'll freely reſign your wiſh to you, and add half I have to augment her Eſtate to you. Oh! I tremble to think on her: her preſence ſhakes the Houſe like an Earthquake: the Outrage of Prentices is not ſo terrible to a Bawd or a Cutpurſe, as her Voice is to me. Yet to you ſhe may be calm as the Breath of Friendſhip, and mild as the midnight Whiſpers of chaſt Love.

Tri. Sir, I profeſs my Affection flys eagerly at her. She takes me deeply, however you have miſtaken one another. Oh! here comes my *Anvil!* methinks his very Countenance invites me to ſtrike him, though I know he does me good Service now. *Enter* Anvil.

Anv. 'Tis done Sir. I warrant ſhe's plac'd ſucceſsfully, d'ye hear?

Tri. How prithee?

Anv. I have ſent her before his Worſhip by a Conſtable.

Luc. Who has he ſent? before whoſe Worſhip?

Tri. You ſhall know all. He has ſent your caſt Whore before Sir *Paul.*

Luc. The Miſtery, Gentlemen?

Tri. The Succeſs ſhall unfold it in good time to your and my Benefit: doubt not, if ſhe but follow her inſtructions.

Luc. Nay,

Luc. Nay, if ſhe be not the Miſtreſs of her Art, there is no deceit among Trades Men, no bribery among Officers, no Bankrupt out of *Ludgate*, nor Whore out of *Bridewell.*

Anv. And if I have not fitted her with a Second, my Friend *Vexhem*, the Conſtable, then ſay there is no Wit among Knaves, no Want among Scholars, no Reſt in the Grave, nor Unquietneſs in Marriage, d'ye hear?

Luc. Of which here comes the trueſt teſtimony.

[*Enter* Fitchow, Pate, VVidgin, Howdee.

Fit. Out of my Doors thou Miſcreant.

Wid. Nay, Siſter. O Governour, art here.

Fit. Avoid my Houſe, and that preſently, I'll claw your Skin off after your Livery elſe, and make you ſo much nakeder than time makes all other ſerving Creatures.

Luc. Do you talk of turning away my Man? You ſhall give me leave to turn away your *Howdee* firſt, and then put off my. God a mercy how doſt thou.

Fit. Am I jeer'd? flouted to my face? Is this fit Uſage for a Wife?

Luc. A Wife? a Witch.

Fit. A Husband! a Hangman.

Luc. Out puſs.

Trid. Nay Sir indeed the fault is yours moſt extreamly now. Pray Sir forbear to ſtrain beyond a Womans patience.

Fit. Am I ſcorn'd and revil'd?

Luc. Ah, ha ha.

Fit. Made a Property for Laughter?

Luc. Ah, ha, ha.

Fit. Have I no Friend, no Servant to command?

Luc. Ah, ha, ha, ha.

Fit. Has my Ladyſhip made me ſo lementable a thing, that I have loſt the power of a Miſtreſs? You Sir, run and call my Friends to ſuccour me, or I'll throttle you.

Luc. Stir but a foot ſirrah, or utter but a ſillable, aud I'll cut your wind pipe.

How. I ſhall be carv'd out betwixt 'em.

Fit. What will become of me? you, Wood-cock, Ninihammer.

Wid. Have you forgot my Name Siſter? would not *Widgin* become your mouth, as well? forget your natural Brother's name?

Fit. Can you call me Siſter, and ſee me abus'd thus?

Wid. Foutre for Siſters; I am not to meddle with another mans Wife. I am about one for my ſelf. You mention'd her firſt to me. But I muſt be beholden to others wits and means to compaſs her or elſe ——

Luc. Do as I bid you, or ——

How. O Sir ſhe'll rend me in pieces, tear me like a Lark.

Luc. Doſt thou fear her or me. Do't or I——

How. Sir, there's Maſter *Walter* can ſing it rarely.

Luc. So he ſhall Sir, and ſo will all; but you muſt put us in. Begin.

How. *Hey down down, &c.* *ſing.*

Wid. Siſter, Wife, and all, is at preſent nothing to this. Come round Gentleman Keep her but off, and let me alone.

They all take hands, and dance round, Widgin *in the midſt ſings this* Song. *They all bear the burden, while ſhe ſcolds and ſtrives to be amongſt 'em.* Tridewell *holds her off.*

Widgin *Sings*

He that marries a Scold, a Scold,
He has moſt cauſe to be merry:
For when ſhe's in her fits, he may cheriſh his wits
By ſinging hey down derry.
All.—— *Hey down down derry down down down, &c.*

Enter Bulfinch.

Bull. I cry you mercy, Gallants. I apprehend you would be private.

Luc. O no, Maſter *Bulfinch*, you ſhall make one of our Council.

Bull. I apprehend Gentlemen you are merrily diſpos'd, in good ſadneſs.

Wid. Apprehend a Fools head. Come into play.

All. I, I, in with him, and about again. *They pull him into the Round.*

Widgin *Sings*

He that marries a merry Laſs,
He has moſt cauſe to be ſad:
For let her go free in her merry tricks, ſhe
Will work his Patience mad.
But he that marries a Scold a Scold, &c.

He that weds with a Roaring Girl,
that will both ſcratch and bite;
Though he ſtudy all day to make her away;
Will be glad to pleaſe her at night.
But he that Marries &c.

And

And he that copes with a ſullen Wench,
That ſcarce will ſpeak at all,
Her doggedneſs more then a Sold or a Whore
Will perpetrate his Gall.
But he that Marries &c.

And he that's match'd with a Turtle Dove,
That has no ſpleen about her,
Shall waſt ſo much life in the love of his wife,
He were better a been without her.
But he that marries a Scold, a Scold, &c.

Fit. O ſcorn upon ſcorn, torment upon torment. Let me rather be buried alive than bear this. [*She gets looſe.*] Slaves, Raſcal s,get ye all out of my doors, by virtue of my Nails, I charge ye, I'll not leave an Eye or a Noſe amongſt ye. [*Flies upon all.*

How. Wid. Bull. Anv. O Lord, O Lord!

Luc. Come bouncing after me boys. [*Ex. ſinging.*

Fit. Oh how I am wrong'd! [*Exeunt omnes præter* Fit. Tri. Bul.

Bul. Sure I did apprehend this Mirth as right as could be, the wrong way.

Tri. Madam, I ſee too much of your Vexation; and indeed I ſuffer too much with you. As I am a Gentleman, I will give you moſt friendly Counſel, if you'll hear me.

Fit. Sir, I have perceiv'd Humanity in you, and do love it in you. But I know not what to do, nor whom to hear. I am fallen into the pit of Bondage, and will take an courſe for my Redemption. Oh Mr. *Bulfinch.*

Tri. This will make to my purpoſe.

Fit. Sir I am wrong'd beyond Expreſſion. This Gentleman is an Eye-witneſs of my Sufferings. Pray come Sir, I will hear your Counſel, together with this Gentleman's Advice.

Bul. Madam, your Caſe is, in my apprehenſion, moſt deſperare, yet full of Comfort, in regard you ſeek Advice and Counſel. Mine is ever ready, and more fortunate oftentimes than judicious. For I do nothing but upon good reaſon and deliberation.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Squelch, Holdup, Vexhem.

Vex. SIR, I beſeech your Worſhip, deal not ſo ſeverely with me.

Squ. Sirrah, I will teach you how to deal with Dealers, and not with vertuous Gentlewomen; bring *Innocency* before *Juſtice*, would be and be able to lay nothing to her Charge.

Vex. Indeed Sir, the Captain inform'd me of her; and ſaid he here ready to accuſe her. Good Sir.

Squ. Moſt officious Sir, what Warrant had you? None. What is the Captain's Name? You know not. Where's his Lodging? You are Ignorant. But here was your Cunning; it appears moſt plainly, that you, thinking her to be of the Trade, thought to make a Prey of her Purſe: but ſince your Affrightment could not make her open unto you, you thought to make her Innocency ſmart for't. I'll make your Knavery ſmart for't directly. Come is the *Mittimus* ready? gi' me't.

[*Writes and ſeals it.*

Enter Clerk.

Vex. Good your Worſhip, hold your hand, for my poor Family ſake.

Squ. Here, take him away, and let the next Conſtable convey him to *Newgate.*

Vex. Sir, 'tis the firſt time that ever I offended in this kind. I pray your Worſhip be of a better mind towards me.

Squ. Away I ſay directly. As I am in my right mind and *Middleſex*, I will ſhew my Juſtice on thee.

Vex. Ha, ha, ha.

Squ. Do's the Knave laugh? Bring him back. May a man ask the Cauſe of your Mirth?

Vex. Sir, I have laught at the Vexation of a thouſand in my days. and I hope I may have leave once in my life to laugh at mine own.

Squ. Oh is it ſo? Pray hold you merry, Sir.

Vex. Ha, ha, ha.——— [*Ex.*

Squ. Now Lady, whereas you were brought before me as a Delinquent, I retain you as my Miſtreſs. I like her beyond meaſure. A pretty young thing! new brought to a pace! Ha, ha! She has committed a little Countrey Folly, as ſhe privately confeſſes. What's that? It may ſtand in rank with what they call Vertue here; and then ſhe is content

content to live as privately as I pleaſe. She ſhall up, I will Winter and Summer her before ſhee ſhall ſee a high way of this Town. She's for my turn directly. Miſtriſs *Holdup*, is your name ſay you?

Hold. Camitha Holdup, Sir. A poor Gentlewoman. My Father bore the Office of a Commiſſioner for the Peace in the Weſt-Country, till Misfortune wrought his Eſtate out of his Hands.

Squ. Holdup! I have heard of him, and know what 'twas that ſunk him. He liv'd by the Sea-ſide; 'twas trading with the Pirates. Buying their Goods, and ſelling them Victuals;

Hold. 'Tis too true, Sir. He paid ſo dearly for't at laſt, that I have no more, but my bare breeding, and what I bear about me to live upon.

Squ. Which is enough? Enough directly; if you can bear your ſelf diſcreetly, and contain your ſelf within thoſe bounds of Fortune, in which I'll plant you. Alas good Soul, weep not; let Money and Authority be thy Comfort. By which thou ſhalt feel no want, nor fear no danger. But to our Buſineſs. I have already acquainted you with my Niece *Conſtance*'s Diſeaſe, and that ſhe is remov'd out of my Houſe for her Health. I will lodge you at a truſty Tenants Houſe where ſhe is unknown. You ſhall take her Name upon you.

Hold. Which is mine own already.

Squ. And if you can but a little counterfeit her Melancholy, you may freely paſs for her: And my acceſs to thee, my ſweet Girl, ſhall Crown us with fulneſs of Delight and Pleaſure.

Hold. Sir, you have moſt worthily made me your own; and all my ſtudy ſhall be to obey you.

Squ. Now had I but a fit Attendant for the Perſon of my Love.

Hold. Some ſimple honeſt body Sir.

Squ. Then we were fitted. How now. *Ent. Clerk.*

Cler. My Lady *Luckleſſe*'s Man deſires to ſpeak with you.

Squ. Stand you by unſeen a while. Send him in. I do expect ſome Meſſage now, in the behalf of her unlucky Lady-ſhip's wiſe Brother, Maſter *Widgin*, touching my Niece. Now Friend how do's my good Lady? *Ent.* Howdee.

How. I left her very ill Sir; for ſhe has beaten me, and thruſt me out of doors with her own Hands, without penny in my Purſe, or other Cloak o' my Back, then the bare Livery, that a caſt Serving-man cannot ſhake off, of Knave and Beggar.

Squ. Thou left'ſt her very ill indeed. But well, thou would'ſt have me be a means to Re-eſtabliſh thee in thy Lady.

How. In her ſervice Sir.

Squ.

Squ. I ſpeak by a Figure *Humphry:* For to be inward with, or indeed within a Miſtriſs, is to be a Servant in the moſt Courtly Phraſe.

How. I, Sir. Thoſe are convenient Servants Sir. Wee are Covenant Servants. They are reſpected above Husbands: Wee abaſed beneath Slaves. They purchaſe Places, Honours, and Offices oftentimes with their Ladies moneys, when we find not our Wages without hard words, and are in fear (poor ſnakes) to have our Coat pulled over our Ears before the Year goes about. We drudge for our Ladies, they play with their Ladies: But the beſt is, we labour and ſweat it out for our Ladies, when they are fain to take Phyſick, and lye in for their Ladies.

Squ. Moſt intelligent *Humphry.* Let us retire to the purpoſe. Put caſe I have a Miſtriſs in ſtore for you; to whom I may commend you upon my own credit, and undertake for your entertainment and means by my own Purſe. What would you ſay? what would you do?

How. Sir, I will ſay over the Gentleman Uſhers Grammer to you, and do her ſervice by the Rules.

Squ. Well ſaid directly.

Incipe Humfride. Say your part.

How. In a Gentleman Uſher there be eight Parts. Boldneſs, Neatneſs, Flattery and Secreſie, rewarded. Diligence, Obedience, Truth and Honeſty, unrewarded.

Squ. What is his Boldneſs.

How. His Boldneſs is the uſe of his Manhood in right of his Ladies honour, degree, place or privilege, at home, abroad, in private or publick meeting, for the hand, for the wall, for the what ſhe will, for the what ſhe calls.

Squ. How is it rewarded.

How. By obtaining of Sutes made out of caſt Gowns or Petticoats. Which if he be a Taylor, as moſt of our middle ſort of Profeſſors are, he is thereby made a Man in ſpight of the Proverb, and thruſt into the high way of Advancement.

Squ. Perge Humphry. His Neatneſs now?

How. His Neatneſs conſiſts moſt diverſly, Sir. Not only in the decent wearing of thoſe Cloaths and clean Linen, pruning his Hair, ruffling his Boots, or ordring his Shoe-tyes; theſe are poor Expreſſions, a Journey-man Barber will do't. But to do his Office neatly, his Garb, his Pace, his Poſtures, his comes on and his comes off, his Complements, his Viſits.

Squ. His Howdees.

How. In which a profound Judgment would be puzzel'd.

Sque.

Squ. I believe thee.

How. And the moſt abſolute or artificial Memory ſet o' the Rack. To be able to relate how this Ladies Tooth does; and t'other Ladies Toe. How this Ladies Milk does: and how t'others Doctor lik'd her laſt Water: How this Ladies Husband; and how t'other Ladies Dog ſlept laſt Night: How this Child, that Monkey, this Nurſe, that Parrot, and a thouſand ſuch. Then his Neatneſs in Chamber-work, or about the Perſon of his Lady, in caſe her Maid or her Woman be otherwiſe occupied, to convey a Pin into her Ruff neatly, or add a help to her Head dreſſing, as well as *John among the Maids.* Laſtly, his dexterity in Carving, and his diſcretion in Marſhalling of Meats; to give every Meſs the due Service, and every Diſh his lawful Preheminence.

Squ. And how is this Neatneſs rewarded *Humphry*?

Hum. Double Sir: at Board and at Bed: By good Bits, and the Love of the Chamber-maid.

Squ. Well *Humphry*, becauſe we will not make this Scene too long, we will omit the Reſt: only why are you laſt four Parts, Diligence, Obedience, Truth and Honeſty, unrewarded?

How. Sir. They are Parts that ſpring out of Vertue, and are therefore born with their reward in their Mouths, and ought to expect no further from any Service in theſe times.

Squ. Moſt edifying *Humphry.* I have a Miſtriſs in ſtore for thee.

How. I long to ſee her Sir.

Squ. Didſt thou never ſee my Niece *Conſtance*?

How. No Sir. But I have heard ſhe is diſeas'd with Melancholy; and if ſhe ſhould prove mad too, like my old Lady, I were then as far to ſeek as e're I was.

Squ. Fear it not *Humphry.* My warrant eaſe thy care. Niece come forth. [*Enter Holdup.*] I ſhall fit you with a Servant. Fall to your Poſtures *Humphry.* Your Garb, [*He does his Poſtures*] So. Your Pace, So. Your Congie, So. Hand your Lady, Good. Arm your Lady, Good ſtill. Side your Lady, Very good. Draw out your Lady, Excellent. Preſent your Lady, Singular well, good *Humphry.*

How. Sir, I can Shoulder my Lady too: But that is when she takes Coach; and Foot my Lady, when she alights.

Squ. Precious *Humphry*, I admire thy Art.

How. I learnt all of a good old Ladies Man in the *Strand* Sir, that muſt be nameleſs.

Squ. Now *Humphry*, Walk your Lady to th' *Exchange.*

How. O most Hostlerly spoken! under Correction Sir; wait on your Lady I pray Sir.

Squ. Well said *Humphry.* Here's something for my Instruction. Now wait on your Lady to the *Exchange.* She has some trifles to buy there. I will find you there presently, and conduct you to your Lodging. *Gives her Money.*

Hold. What shall I do with all this Sir? I would indeed but buy an ounce or two of Thread, some Netting Pins and Needles, and a Frame to flourish my Work on. Hereafter I will work in Gold and Silver, if you please, for your own wearing.

Squ. As I would wish! her Simplicity takes me above her Beauty. Go I say. I'll follow. Methinks I e'en feel my self, thank my self for being in this good Humour. What I have is mine own, and I will be merry with it directly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter *Fitchow, Tridewell, Bulfinch, Widgine, Anvil.*

Fitc. Gentlemen, you now know the Calamity I suffer under. And you have shew'd me the best way to Comfort: For which I thank you. I have given you my resolution for a Divorce, upon condition. Before which, I must promise you nothing Sir. But I assure you in the mean time, you stand prime in my Affection: For I have in all found you a most worthy Gentleman.

Tri. Madam, I have not utterance to declare my Acceptance of your Love. It must therefore be lock'd up in my Breast, the treasure of my Heart. Now for the Condition upon which your Divorce depends, we must see that perform'd, and then———

Fitc. Sir, I will make good more then I now may promise.

Tri. You speak nobly.

Fitc. It relishes a little too much of womanly wilfulness I confess. But all my wilfulness (that I'll promise you Sir) shall die in the end of this Business.

Tri. Well then, before your discreet Neighbour M. *Bulfinch* here. If you have not your will in this, I will disclaim your favour hereafter. Sir, the Condition is (as you may remember——

Bul. I apprehend it Sir. That Sir *Paul Squelch* his Niece be first married or contracted, and then she consents to a Divorce. And that you be assistant to her Brother here to obtain her for him.

Tri. To which I promise my ready help, only I must not appear in the Business.

Bul.

Bul. I will only appear in it, for I will not be ſeen in the Matter.

Tri. As how Sir?

Bul. As thus Sir. I will keep your Counſel: Not only in holding my peace to all the World, but in ſaying nothing to Sir *Paul* himſelf. D'ye apprehend me Sir?

Tri. And thank you Sir. Now every Man to his Part, Mr. *Widgin*, You have both your Siſters and my beſt Directions already, which I doubt not but with the help of your Governour you will make good uſe of. Madam will you in, and but wish well to our Proceedings, and trouble your thoughts no further. *Ex. ſeverally.*

Anv. Sir, what help he has of me, is for the Ladies and his own ſake, not your's d'ye hear.

Wid. No bluſtring now good Governour: Prithee reſtrain thy Fury. Thou canſt never hear nor ſpeak to that Gentleman with any patience; and yet he is on our ſide now. Prithee let's loſe no time. I never long'd more for my Mothers coming from a Chriſtning, than to be at this *Northern-Laſs.*——*Ex.*

SCENE. III.

Enter *Tridewell*, *Trainewell*, *Holdup*.

Tri. Wanton, you have begun propitiouſly: Proceed but confidently, and I'll warrant thee a wealthy Husband by it, or a Compoſition that may prove the better Purchaſe.

Hol. Sir, be you and this Lady but as confident of my Fidelity, and truſt me in this Action, and if I break not the toyles your Kinſman is in, and make you Miſtriſs of my Intereſt in Sir *Paul*, let all the good you intended me, be a lockram Coif, a blue Gown, a Wheel and a clean Whip. You are ſure the Lady will yield to a Divorce, if *Conſtance* whom I now perſonate be firſt Married or Contracted.

Tri. Right. She do's but hold off till then, and that wilfully; becauſe ſhe fears it is for *Conſtance*'s Love only, that her Husband deſires the Divorce.

Hol. And you are ſure that *Conſtance* is ſafe from her diſcovery.

Tra. I upon the hazard of my Diſcretion.

Hol. To any then that knows her not very well, If I appear not the ſame *Conſtance* —— have you given me her Character right?

Tra. The beſt that we can poſſibly.

Hol. Nay, I have a further help, than you both imagine yet.

Tri. Tra. May we know it.

Hol. It shall be no secret. My Servant *Howdee*, whom you and Sir *Paul*, suppose his Lady turn'd away, was by her Ladyship taught only to fain it; and cunningly instructed to work himself into the service of *Constance*, to further her Brother's Proceedings. And since fortune has put him upon me, whom he takes to be the same Mistress, if I make not apt use of it———

Tri. 'Tis most fairly ominous. Come Lady. He cannot but be at hand; and our stay may do hurt. You remember the Doctors lodging I told you of, and Sir *Philips* appointment to meet you there an hour hence?

Tra. All Sir. I would use no other. She is there already. *Ex.*

Tri. No more then; away. Fare you well sweet Creature. *Ex.*

Hol. If my deceit now, should be discovered, before any work be ended, my Brain-tricks might perhaps, instead of all these fair hopes, Purchase me the Lash. 'Fore *Venus*, my Flesh e'en trembles to think on't. It brings likewise into my consideration, the baseness of my Condition; how much unpittied the Punishment of a Whore is, and how suddenly it overtakes her! My joint Conspirators are in no danger. I only run the hazard, though they are as deep in Fact as my self. Well! If I escape this pull, and draw any fortune by't, I'll change my Function sure. A common Whore? I'll be a Nun rather. They come most fitly, and I must into my fit——— *Withdraws behind the Scene.*

SCENE. IV.

Enter *Widgin*, *Anvil*, *Howdee*.

How. Indeed Sir, it was my Ladies plot, but you must take no notice of it.

Wid. I'll thank her with all my heart, and she shall never know on't.

How. But if Sir *Paul*, my now Master, should discover any deceit, how shall I escape his Vengeance.

Anv. What dost thou think of me, weak Fellow? Am not I a Commander, ha?

How. I, in the War Captain: But he is a Justice of Peace, and a Commander of Captains in *Middlesex*, sends two or three drunken ones to *Newgate* at a Clap sometimes.

Wid. Fear no discovery *Humphry*. Let me but see her, and I'll warrant thee.

How.

How. She'll ſee none but Sir *Philip*, you muſt be no body elſe Remember that: you muſt own no other Name you have. Now if you can Sir *Philip* it handſomely there's it.

Wid. I warrant thee, and my Governour ſhall Sir *Philip* me at every word; and if I do not Sir *Philip* her, better than ever ſhe was *Philipt* in her life, then ſay I am no Legitimate *Widgin.*

[*Behind the Scene.*]

Hol. 'Tis paſt your ſtrength or reach either by forty I believe. I doubt your middle Finger is too ſhort, Maſter *Widgin.*

How. Well, I muſt venture it. Here ſhe comes.

with a Baby.] [*Enter* Holdup.]

Wid. What's ſhe doing. Ods me! making a Baby I think. Are you good at that Faith? I'll be at that ſport with you, it ſhall coſt me a Fall elſe.

How. Oh ſhe has a hundred ſuch apiſh Toys. E'en now she was great with Child forſooth as she could go. And was perſwaded she had a Child as big as I in her Belly. I wonder'd at it, and she told me she had had a hundred there as big in her days.

Wid. What, what?

How. I but she knew not what she ſaid. By and by, I muſt be a Man-Midwife forſooth and deliver her: for 'twas paſt all Womans skill? Now she thinks she is brought a Bed, and nurſes the Child her ſelf.

Wid. And who's the Father?

How. Oh none but Sir *Philip.*

Wid. I'll father it as well as he. Is't a Boy or a Girl trow. Wou'd she would make a Chriſtning Entertainment while we are here. Hark she ſings.

SONG.

Peace wayward Bairn; O ceaſe thy mone,
Thy far more wayward Daddy's gone:
And never will recalled be
By cries of either thee, or me:
For ſhould we cry,
Until we dye,
We could not ſcant his cruelty.
Ballow, Ballow, &c.
He needs might in himſelf foreſee,
What thou ſucceſſively might'ſt be;
And could he then, (though me foregoe)

His Infant leave, 'ere he did know,
How like the Dad
VVould be the Lad,
In time, to make fond Maidens glad?
Ballow, Ballow, &c.

Wid. How is this pretty Mrs. *Conſtance*, that you complain of your Love before he be loſt?

Hol. Who be you I pray?

Wid. Pray thee tell her Governour. I ha' not the Heart to lye now.

Anv. It is Sir *Philip* Lady, come to do you right. Do hear?

Hol. Yes Sir, I hear you very weell; and could e'en wish i' my heart I could believe you.

Anv. Speak your ſelf Sir.

Wid. You may Miſtreſs *Conſtance*; for as I am an honeſt Man, I never meant to wrong you.

Hol. I do believe you Sir. But pray proteſt no more by that Name till you make your ſelf ſuch by marrying me. You have gotten a Bairn by me, I's ſure o' that.

VVid. I come for the ſame purpoſe Sweet-heart. I'll both father and keep thy Child, and make thee an honeſt Woman. Give me your Hand before this Gentleman, and your Servant here; and ſay but the Word; I'll get a Licenſe preſently, fetch you away, and diſpatch you to Night. *Sing.*

Hol. *Marry me, marry me, quoth the bonny Laſs: and when will you begin.*

Wid. *As for thy wedding Laſs we'll do well enough, in ſpight o' the beſt o' thy Kin.*

Hol. I can but thank you, obey you, and pray for you Sir.

VVid. Governour; wilt thou believe me? It e'en pitties my Heart, to wrong ſo ſweet a piece of Simplicity. But Fortune has dreſt her for me to feed on; and I'll fall to.

Anv. Or the Devil choak you. Well boiſterous Mr. *Tridewell*, your Ropes end hath driven me into a Buſineſs, here, deſerves a whole Rope. But I hope that *Deſtiny* attends not me, though this Marriage be his: And ſince it is his Fate, fair befal it him, I am diſcharg'd.

VVid. Come Governour, we are agreed; let's go that we may hie us again, and diſpatch.

Hol. Nay Sir. You ſhall not ſay, you married me for nought: You ſhall hear me ſing before you go.

Anv. What an Owſel 'tis! she means he ſhall marry her for a Song. Birlady a competent Modern Portion. SONG.

A SONG, *by Mrs.* Prince.

A bonny Lad there was,
And Jocky *was his Name;*
He courted long a Laſs,
But cou'd not wrong her Fame.
He proffer'd Money, proffer'd Land,
He ſought her Night and Day;
But ſtill ſhe wou'd not underſtand,
But anſwered Jocky *nay.*

But he a cunning wary Loon
Found eance a pleaſant Hour,
VVae's me quoth he I'll ha' my Boon
And take her tull a Bower.
He lig'd her on the Graſs,
VVhere they had muckle Play;
And ever ſince the bonny bonny Laſs
Has n'er cry'd Jocky *nay,*
Nay, has n'er cry'd Jocky *nay.*

VVid. By my troth 'tis pretty.

Hol. And by my Conſcience 'tis true, 'twere made in *Durham*, on a Laſs of my bigneſs.

Anv. And in thy Cloaths I believe.

Hol. But will you be gan now, than all my joy leaves me.

VVid. Sweet Soul, thou ſhalt have thy joy again. I will joy thee, enjoy thee, and over joy thee. Governour let us fly about this Buſineſs. I will not ſleep, before I have got a Licenſe, ſtol'n her away, wedded her, bedded her, and put her in her Wits again.

Anv. Are you able to do that think you?

VVid. I'll warrant thee: For all Maids are mad till they be Married.

Anv. What ſay you to that Lady. Pox on you, I run a ſweet hazard to advance your Fortune, do I not?

Hol. Remember your Covenant with Mr. *Tridewell* Captain. And when the work is done, here's my Hand, you ſhall partake of what I get by't. And hark you.

VVid.

Wid. She may perhaps, when she comes to her self, and finds me to be no Sir *Philip*, be a little startled. But I mean the first Night to put so much of my own Love into her, as shall work out his I doubt not, or any his that came there before me. Ent. *Howdee.*

How. O Gentlemen! my Master's coming, all's spoil'd if he take you. Part quickly.

Hol. Is mine Uncle com'd? and mun we part than?

Anv. Kiss, and part; kiss, and part.

Wid. Sweet heart, not a Word of me till I come to fetch you off with Honour.

Hol. All Benisons be with you. Indeed you be the goodliest Man, that e're made Maiden fain.

Wid. Poor heart she dotes. I do not know how much I am in debt to my Conscience, till I have made her amends. [*Exit*

Hol. This may breed good Blood. If I come but as well off o' my old Uncle, as I am like to come on with my young Cousin, here will be a Match unlook'd for, a Match without Treaty; a Match untalk'd or unheard of. He is coming before I have shifted my Face. Methinks I hear the rustling of his Bristles hither. Yet my Lips must stand the Assault; pray Love the Porcupine, leave none of his quills in 'em.

SCENE V.

Enter Squelch *to* Holdup.

Squ. Where's my Girl? my hony sweet Girl? kiss me; kiss I say directly: I'll secure thee. Ha my Lass, these Lips have the true *Elixir* in 'em indeed, to restore youth and strength; past all *Medeas* charms, or what the Poets would have fain'd. How now! weeps my Love? I hope my Nieces habit has not wrought her disease into thee.

Hol. No: now I see you Sir, I am well: perfectly well: yet pardon me Sir. Your absence cannot but breed me fears, when I have leisure to think on my unworthy condition, and the danger I undergo in't.

Squ. 'Twas a thousand pitties that this Wench was seduc'd. She might have made a Wife for a good Squire. She would serve a Tradesman yet, most unblemishably. And when I have done with her, doing that for her, as I mean to do. she may perhaps match with a younger brother, purchase him a place, advance his Fortune, to be able in the end to repay her with a Ladiship. 'Tis not without Precedent; and I well help her to follow the example directly. For

what

what I have is mine own and I will be merry with it. Ha my bird, my chick! Kiſs me. Kiſs me up. So. Kiſs me up I ſay. So again. Thou haſt don't directly. Maintain it now, with a cordial kiſs. So ſo, ſo. Good. Very good; and while it is ſo, a word with you in private. Come my bird, mh mh mh. *Enter* Howdee.

How. Sir, there's a Woman below.——

Squ. Sir, what have I to do with any Woman below? Do you with your Woman below; I am very well here.

How. Is the Old Man mad trow. Sir, ſhe will have to do with you above, if you ſpeak not with her below. I had much a do to keep her down ſtairs, her caſe is ſo lamentable ſhe ſays I never ſaw a Woman ſo Importunate in my life Sir. You muſt down Sir.

Squ. I am down already. All's naught. What limb of the Devil is't? Do'ſt thou know her?

How. She ſays ſhe is VVife to a Conſtable Sir, that you lately committed; and if your VVorſhip does not releaſe him preſently, that he's undone, and ſhe's undone, all their Children are undone, that unborn in her Belly is undone, and I know not how many more are undone for ever.

Squ. Hell take her. How could ſhe know that I was here?

How. She ſpied you in the Street Sir, and follow'd you, and follow you ſhe would, had you gone into the Privy Chamber, ſhe ſwears; her Cauſe enforces her ſhe ſays. And ſhe ;s ſo great with Child too, that no Man dares give her a thruſt to keep her back. I hear her blow up ſtairs.

Squ. Keep her down, I'll follow thee——— [*Ex.* How.

Hol. Good Sir be pitiful for the Womans ſake, and releaſe him. Perhaps her Reckoning is out, and ſhe has no body to call the Midwife.

Squ. I muſt home to my Clerk then: for I cannot write here; nor do any good beſides, I am ſo vex'd. But I will return to thee in the Evening, Duck: and ſince I am ſo apt to be ſpied, I will come diſguis'd.

Hol. Indeed I'll put out the Candle when you are here then, for I ſhall never endure to ſee other ſhape of Man. O theſe trunk Hoſe are a comely wearing.

Squ. I will be diſguis'd directly. I will through all the ſhapes of *Jupiter*, before I will again be prevented, Farewel. O my ſweet! at ſeven in the Evening expect me.——— [*Exit*

Hol. Sweet ſay'ſt thou? Thou art not I'll ſwear. I am glad he was prevented. I ſhould never a held out a Courſe with him, that cannot endure a Breathing: a Cheeſe-Shop on Fire cannot out ſtink him.

[*Enter* Howdee.

How. Your Uncle's gone Miſtreſs, and ſays he will be here at ſeven a Clock again. But ſhall I tell you a fine thing Miſtreſs?

Hol. Yea marry *Humphry*, what may that be and 'tis not of Sir *Philip*.

How. But it is of him Miſtreſs. He ſays he will bring a Coach for you at ſix a clock to fetch you away: will you go with him?

Hol. By my ſaul that will I, an't be all the Warld over.

How. How ſhall your Uncle find you at 7 then?

Hol. We'll leave him at ſix and ſevens. I mean betwixt both. 'Twill be trim truſt me- And hear'ſt thou me *Humfrey*. Thou muſt bid Miſtreſs *Traynwell* come to me a little before ſix; for a very good reaſon.

How. Hmh——

Hol. Nay, it ſhall hinder nothing. We'll away the faſter.

How. I think ſhe be in her wits already. If not, I muſt humour her, though I be put to the trouble to ſhift her away again; ſhe ſhall marr no Spot that's certain.

Hol. Come with me *Humfrey*, thou ſhall go e'en now, and tell her and I'll be packing up the while,——— *Ex.*

How. This Clinches. I ſhall win my Lady's heart for ever. To manage two ſuch buſineſſes more, were enough to raiſe me Agent for a State.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Pate *in a Doctors Habit.* Trainwell, Conſtance.

Pate. TO diſcourſe a tedious Lecture unto you, Lady, in ſpeaking philoſophically of the diſeaſe of Melancholy, were to ſhew more Learning than Diſcretion. There are large volumes of it in Print, to very ſlender purpoſe.

Tra. Sir, I deſire rather your Diſcretion, than the gloſs of Learning. I am rather govern'd by the wholſome effects of the one, than the ſmooth directions of the other.

Pa. To the point then Lady. I ſee no reaſon why I ſhould vex and torment this delicate and tender body, with Phyſick. Her diſeaſe is Melancholy; The Cauſe of this Diſeaſe I have found apparantly in the two hours Probation ſince you left her with me, to be Love, which ſhe hath ſo greedily taken in, that it hath overwhelm'd her Spirits,

and

and turn'd the Faculties of all her Senſes into a rude confuſion, ſending forth the Uſe of them extravagantly.

Tra. Sir, I muſt not only approve, but applaud your Skill. 'Tis Love indeed, and I am right glad that your Opinion jumps with my own knowledge: for now I doubt not of your ſpeedy Addreſs to the Cure.

Pa. 'Tis done in three words. The Party that ſhe loves, muſt be the Doctor, the Medicine, and the Cure.

Tra. Sir, the Gentleman is below, he came with me, only I would not bring him to her ſight without your Approbation, fearing it might do hurt.

Pa. Pray call him up, on peril of my Judgment. [*Ex. Tra.*] Give me your hand Mrs. *Conſtance.* I have good news for you.

Con. 'Tis a long whayle ſine I heard ony.

Pa. The Gentleman, whom you love beſt, ſhall be your Bedfellow.

Con. He is wed already Sir. Another Wife would gar him be put down at Gallows; and I would not be ſhe for all the worldly good that e're I ſaw with both mine eyen. And o' my conſcience I'll be none of his Ligby for twiſe ſo mickle.

Pa. She prattles very prettily metinks. Married already? Sure *Cupid* ſhot you with a forked arrow out of his Crosbow. But what will you ſay Lady, if by my Art I render this Gentleman unmarried again, and a Suiter unto you preſently?

Con. Marry ſhall I tell you what I'll ſay Sir? That deſerves hanging worſe then t'other matter, you wod poiſon his wife by your Art, wod ye? and make your Gown there the Hangmans Fee the ſecond time? It looks as it had been once his already; and you like ſuch a Doctor I mun tell ye, by your leave. God bliſs me fro thee. Mrs. *Traynwell* where are you?

Pate. Out of their wits ſay they? I fear ſhe is wiſer then all of us, that have to do with her; ſhe knows my Gown better than I do: for I have had but two hours acquaintance with it. 'Tis no longer ſince I hir'd it of the Hangmans Merchant a Broker. It might ha' been *Lopus*'s Gown for ought I know.

SCENE II.

Enter Traynwell *and* Luckleſs *to them.*

Tray. They are faln out I think.

Con. O Mrs. *Traynwell*, for dear Charities ſake ha' me ſoon fro' this Man: for I'll ne're take ony thing at him. He talks of Poiſoning.

Pa. By my faith you wrong me: Nor of any poiſoning purpoſe. I was but putting a caſe of ——

Con. Pray put up your Pipes Sir. I like not your Muſick: troth nor his Countenance nather. Sweet Mrs. *Traynwell* gar me be ſhut on him. Now all the joys of Immortality light o' ye Sir. [*To* Luckleſs

Pa. Is that the Gentleman?

Tra. Yes Sir. Pray obſerve. But how fell you out Sir?

Pa. I muſt firſt ſalute him by your Favour. Sir, all the accumulations of Honour ſhower down upon you.

Luc. Sir. May you reap the whole harveſt of your fruitful Wiſhes.

Con. Dear Sir keep further fro' him.

Pate. But one word Sweet Lady; and you ſhall have the whole benefit of his preſence to your ſelf.

Tra. Be not afraid Sweet-heart, her dares not hurt Sir *Phillip.*

Con. Introth he breathes too near him.

Tra. 'll warrnt you. What has he done to move her thus? I know not what this obſcure Doctor is. But Mr. *Tridwell* put me upon him; and his approved Honeſty has and muſt kill all Miſtruſt in me.

Pate. Your Coach is ready at door you ſay.

Luc. Yes my moſt delicate Doctor.

Pate. As you find her then, after a few words away with her. I have perform'd my part Sir: I'll hold the diſcreet Governeſs in talk in the next room.

Con. But one word call ye this?

Pate. I ha' done ſweet Soul. Lady I have inſtructed the Gentleman, ſhall we leave them?

Tra. One word, by your leave firſt Mr. Doctor and I'll attend you, Sir not only my Diſcretion, but my Reputation lies at ſtake: and I make no doubt of your Nobleneſs upon your Kinſmans word, my Complotter in this Buſineſs. Therefore while I hold argument with the Doctor (who ſhall by no means perceive our deceit) ſlip you away with her in your Coach, where Mr. *Tridewell*, hath appointed, till the Evening; and let me alone to ſcuffle with the Old man the while. And then I doubt not all our troubleſome labours ſhall have a peaceable end. I'll ſend old Mad-cap to your Lady in a Thunder-clap. But noble Sir, your Reputation——

Luc. My Life and Honour be her Gaurd, and your Security.

Tra. No more Sir. I'll lay no Conjurations upon ſo noble a Spirit. Come Maſtor Doctor—— *Soft Muſick. Ex. Tra. Pate.*

Luc. But do you love me, *Conſtance*?

Con. O right weel Sir.

Luc. And will you be my Woman?

Con.

Con. I is ſure, I'll never be mine awn elſe.

Luc. But you will not go away with me now, if I requeſt you?

Con. Any whither but to bed before we be married.

Luc. What from your Governeſs, your Uncle, and all the World?

Con. And thank you too Sir. And ta' me but fro' this ill looking Doctor; for I ſhall be weel with you Sir.

Luc. Come, ſince you truſt me ſo well, we two will not part till we are lawfully made one.

Con. Heaven bliſs the hour you ſpeak in, and all Saints be witneſſes. *Ex.*

SCENE III.

Enter Squelch, *meeting* Trainwell, *and* Pate.
Muſick continues.

Squ. Where's this Doctor? where's this melancholly Gentlewoman?

Tra. O me is he come?

Pa. Is this her Uncle?

Tra. Even he Sir. Where's my Charge; Miſtreſs *Conſtance*?

Pa. Save ye Sir. I'll go find her— *Ex.*

Squ. Where's my Charge? I'll go find her! What's the meaning?

Tra. She was here but now Sir, while the Muſick plaid. And we withdrew our ſelves, thinking ſhe might ſleep Sir.

Squ. There went a Coach away as I came in. Whoſe was it?

Tra. A Coach Sir? Alas I am affraid; my fleſh trembles.

Squ. At what in your great Maſter the Devils name? Where's my Niece?

Tra. Sir, here came in one Mr. *Widgin*, the Lady *Luckleſs*'s Brother———

Squ. Well.

Tra. Acquainted with the Doctor Sir———

Squ. Well, well.

Tra. And he ſaw her Sir, but ſeem'd to depart, when we withdrew our ſelves to talk about the Cure.

Squ. Very very well. While you were wiſely talking about the Cure, a *Widgin* flies away with the Patient. Where's this Doctor? Doctor I ſay. Doctor! he's run away too, my Life on't. A meer Plot, a Conſpiracy; 'tis ſo directly, below there. I cannot ſee how it can be otherwiſe. [*Enter* Clerk.] Saw you the Doctor?

Clerk. Yes Sir, he went now forth at the Watergate, and took Boat in haſte.

Squ.

Squ. Exceeding well! How came your Diſcretion acquainted with this Doctor?

Tra. Sir he was reported to me by very good Judgements, to be a rare Practitioner.

Squ. A moſt rare Fellow, and does admirable Tricks, by ſlight of Heels. But I may perhaps out-run 'em *Ex.*

Tra. My purge works as I wiſht, I am amus'd though at the ſlight of the Doctor. But I have too many Buſineſſes to entertain new Thoughts. [*Ex.*

SCENE V.

Enter Tridewell, Fitchow.

Fit. May I believe it, Good Sir? may I be ſo happy, that my Brother has her?

Tri. As I have Truth in me, I am moſt credibily told ſo. Marry the worſt is, her Uncle is ſo mad at her eſcape, that he will never give conſent to the Match, whereby her Portion will be leſs.

Fit. Hang him Clod! My Will ſhall be a Portion ſufficient to my Brother. I care not, though he give her not a Penny, ſo *Wat* has the Wench.

Tri. Make you no more doubt of that, than I do Madam, who have upon the report of it already, prepar'd the Learned of the Civil-Law, thoſe that you nominated of your good Acquaintance, and are forward to do you the beſt Office, who have appointed to meet before the Judge of the Archdeacons Court preſently, whether I have promiſed to bring, and will attend you.

Fit. But the other ſide muſt be ſummon'd by proceſs.

Tri. Sir *Philip* hath warning already Madam, and without needleſs proceſs will be there before you, and wait your coming. So that my ſelf, and his Servant, who have never been both abſent from one of your Companies, ſince your Marriage, juſtly depoſing you never did the realleſt Rite of Marriage, the Bed Office, Madam; you both conſenting, and deſiring a Divorce, it is inſtantly granted without any proceedings in Law. So that all will be ended in three Whiſpers. Ods pity, look who here is.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Squelch, *to* Fitchow.

Squ. O are you here, my Lady *Luckleſs*?

Fit. 'Twas time you found me Sir? you might have miſtaken my name elſe. For within this hour, I might have reſum'd the ancient Title of your Friend, and *Awdery Fitchow*.

Squ. Show wow, where is my Niece?

Fit. Where are your Wits Sir, you come upon me indeed! what Niece? what's the matter:

Squ. My Niece *Conſtance*, that your Brother *Widgin* ſtole from the Doctor, and is flown away withal. But he muſt not think to eſcape ſo? I may take him, and his Duck too, in my Decoy, before they be coupled, as ſure as your Ladyſhip, or your *Fitchow ſhip*, and they think your ſelves,

Fit. Sure the old Gentleman is fallen mad. What hath happen'd?

Squ. The Plot ſmells of your Ladyſhips Policy; your Ladyſhips Lilly white Fiſt is foul in the Buſineſs. But I will have a bout at Fiſticuſs in Law with your Ladyſhip: your great acquaintance, and alliance in the Whatd'yecal Court *Non obſtante*. Your Power there muſt not carry it, my great Lady. Directly it muſt not.

Fit. You are an uncivil greaſie Companion, to upbraid and revile me thus in my own Houſe.

Tri. O good Madam, hurt not your ſelf with anger, better Laugh it out.

Fit. He makes me forget my ſelf by his Example. Sir, you are a Commiſſioner for the Peace I take it. Do's it become a Man of your Place and Gravity, to fly out in theſe Extreams? You ſpend too much breath in theſe loud Notes, very hurtful to the Lungs. If you will fall into a lower Key, and ſpeak peaceably, I will anſwer you.

Squ. I pray you, Forſooth, or ſweet Madam, or what you pleaſe; Where is my Niece?

Fit. Will you believe me Sir? you may: For 'tis Truth, as I have any; and before this worthy Gentleman; I never ſaw your Niece in my life; only I have heard ſhe is a pretty Gentlewoman; likely to make a good Match, for which I told my Brother of her, and would have treated with you for her, could I have ſpoken with you as I wiſh'd by two or three Meſſages. But whether my Brother has got her, or where he or ſhe is, of my own knowledge, I cannot ſay directly.

Squ. She mocks me to my Face all this while. Well good Wife, Miſtreſs, Madam———

Fit. Well my Lord *Inn-keepers* ſecond Son. Do's your Provender prick you?

Squ. Prick Madam! I tell thee, thou thing, made up of Chippings, broken Beer, Candle-ends, and ſifting of Sea-coal.

Fit. Out you Curry-comb.

Tri. Forbear ſweet Lady, let him be mad by himſelf.

Squ. I will be ſo reveng'd——

Fit. How pray?

Squ. He had been better to have kill'd a Man, raviſh'd a Virgin; nay, done the moſt dangerous contempt that Law could deviſe to puniſh, than, if I take him, to ſuffer under my revenge.

Fit. Ha, ha, ha.

Squ. I'll muſter up my Conſtables, and ſend out a privy Search immediately.——*Ex.*

Tri. What think you of your Brother's Succeſs, now Madam?

Fit. Much the better, that it vexes him ſo: Scurvy foul-mouth'd Fellow.

Tri. Look you now Madam. See who comes. here

SCENE II.

Enter Widgin, Holdup, Howdee.

Wid. Siſter, fall down and adore me for my great Achievment. *Humphry*, kneel down to her, that ſhe may dub thee for thy Service. Never did the beſt nos'd Dogs, that ever were coach'd for their Goodneſs, hunt more truly, take more bravely, and carry away more cleanly, that we have done this dainty piece of Fleſh here. Siſter kiſs her, and be better acquainted: ſhe is mine own Fleſh, I'll uphold it.

Tri. She is a *Holdup* her ſelf, if I miſtake not her name.

Fit. Being your Fleſh Brother, her neareſt Affinity of Blood runs in my Veins. Therefore with a Siſter's Love I embrace you, and bid you welcome.

Hold. Mine Uncle will be right wood I fear me. But I'll ne're greet for that Sir, while I have your Love,

Fit. I know it's ſhe by her Tongue, tho' I never heard her before. Nor ever fear, ſweet Siſter, we ſhall be all Friends ſhortly.

Hold. I would be glad and 'twere ſo.

Wid. Siſter come hither. Now hear and admire my Wit, as well as my Fortune. *Humphry* come and take thy ſhare of my Siſters Wonder.

How,

How. I hope I perform'd my duty.

Wid. Which we muſt not ſee unrewarded Siſter.

Fit. No: I mean to give him my Maid, and a hundred Pounds with her, beſides all ſhe has about her.

How. I am made for ever. I thank your languiſhing Ladiſhip.

Fit. Well ſaid, *Howdee*: for my Ladiſhip is e'en at the laſt Gaſp. I am to be Divorc'd within this half hour. But your Proceedings Brother? How did ſhe receive you at firſt?

Wid. O at firſt, ſhe was the prettilieſt mad that e'er you ſaw. You your ſelf cannot deviſe to be ſo mad, as ſhe was.

Fit. I thank you, Sir.

Wid. And all for Sir *Philip*, ſhe would love none but Sir *Philip*, ſpeak to none but Sir *Philip*. I told her I was Sir *Philip*, (ah Godamercy *Humphry*; that was thy Invention.) Then the little Viper hung upon me, not to be ſhak'd off, till I promis'd her Marriage, and to Father a Child, which, in her Diſtraction, ſhe conceited ſhe had by me. I promis'd her any thing; ſo took her into an Inner Room, to make all ſure, as well within as without; and I ſo philipt her——

Fit. Enough Brother, no more. I underſtand you.

Wid. But I muſt have more, and ſhall never have enough on't. It paſſeth your Underſtanding and mine too, the Delight of it. [*Sing*] *Oh what a Delight ſhe gave me.* And how light I am after it. *Heigh.* My pretty ſweet Raſcal.

Fit. Enough I ſay.

Wid. You do not love to hear on't, becauſe you lack it. But you ſhall hear the Miracle it wrought Sir. The loſs of her Maidenhead recover'd her Wits. I made her right and ſtreight in an inſtant. And now ſhe loves me in my own Perſon; knows me for a *Widgin*, and will not give her *Wat* for the beſt Sir *Philip* of 'em all. And longs for nothing but the Prieſt and Bed time. Ha my ſweeter and ſweeter, I, my Governour's gone for a Licence.

Fit. So, ha' you done now?

Wid. I'll undertake——

Fit. Yet again.

Wid. That *Humphry*, and I with the Tricks and Trinkets we have about us, will cure all the mad Maids of her ſtanding in the Town. And I do not think, but much may be gotten to profeſs it.

Tri. You have made a large Relation, Mr. *Widgin*, and a pleaſant, I doubt not.

Wid. Oh I could live and die in this Diſcourſe, Sir.

Tri. Lady, do you think of the time?

Fit. I will inſtantly along with you. *Howdee*, come you with me.

Brother, the Search hath paſt this Houſe already. You may go in with your Sweet-heart, and ſtay here ſafely. Go in, and keep cloſe, till I ſend to meet me at Supper.

Wid. In and in Siſter, and be cloſe enough, fear not——— *Ex.*

Fit. Now Sir, when you pleaſe.

Tri. I am your Servant Lady———*Ex.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Trainwell *and* Vexhem.

Vex. Miſtreſs, I will go no farther in this Buſineſs, than you have limited me in your Directions: 'twill be Revenge enough for my Diſgrace to make him ſee his Error.

Tra. Therefore be diſcreet and ſecret. The Diſguiſe he is in, I have told you. The Place is this. At the Door you ſhall leave me. The Hour, 7 a Clock.

Vex. Miſtreſs, I will not watch more truly at Midnight, than I will pray for you for this Diſcovery. I will inſtantly call my Privy-ſearch guard, and catch a Bird of Juſtice, in the Lime-twigs of his own Warrant.——— *Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Nonſenſe *and* Beavis.

Nonſ. I cannot ſpeak with Sir *Paul* then, it ſeems, to know the Reaſon why I am fopdoodled thus. In I proteſt and vow, a kind of Fool's Paradiſe.

Bea. Good Sir, bear your Injury with a Man's Patience. Sir *Paul* will not be long abſent. And till he comes, my Miſtreſs entreats you (for your own good) to take his part upon you, in giving Entertainment to divers of his Friends, who are invited hither to a Feaſt to night.

Non. Ha' you any White-pots?

Bea. Much better Meat Sir. But here's the ſtrangeneſs of it; and the only Occaſion that requires your Aid in the Entertainment. This great Supper or Feaſt (as I may properly call it) was appointed by Sir *Paul* himſelf, the Money to buy the Proviſion deliver'd by his own hand, to his own Servant; the Gueſts of his own Election; yet he, out of the multiplicity of croſs Affairs, that have happen'd this Day, hath quite forgot that there was any ſuch Preparation, or any

ſuch

ſuch Meeting intended, as appears evidently by his Abſence. But my Miſtreſs has got all the Meat privately made ready at the next Houſe, on purpoſe that he ſhould ſee nothing———

Non. To try if he would forget it or no?

Bea. Right Sir. I have bidden all the Gueſts: and expect them immediately.

Non. But what muſt I ſay to 'em?

Bea. Only ſalute 'em, bid 'em welcome; Tell 'em Sir *Paul* was haſtily call'd forth on his Majeſty's Affairs; Entreat their Patience till his return, which you know will be very ſudden, although you know not where he is; and ſo forth, as Occaſion ſerves.

Enter Bulfinch *and* Clerk.

Bul. Your Maſter abroad, and not within, ſay you?

Cle. Yes. But good Sir ſtay his coming, I pray you, for his good.

Bul. I partly apprehend you at full. Miſtreſs *Trainwel* appointed me to come too, with all poſſible ſpeed. Mr. *Nonſenſe*, you are well apprehended.

Non. Only ſalute 'em, bid 'em welcome. Tell 'em Sir *Paul* was haſtily call'd forth on his Majeſty's Affairs. Entreat their Patience till his return, which you know will be very ſudden, although you know not where he is. And ſo forth, as Occaſion ſerves.

Bul. Love has made you a Courtier, Mr. *Nonſenſe*.

Non. No I proteſt and vow. I do but ſpeak as they ſay.

Bea. What have you ſaid, Sir?

Non. What you ſaid, I have an ill *Verbatim* elſe.

Bea. I ſaid but the meaning of what you ſhall ſay, and put it in your own Words.

Non. No Sir. I will take your own Words for this Matter.

Bea. I am beholden to you.

Cle. I am glad Fortune has ſent one Man of Civil Government before the Roarers come. Here comes ſome of 'em already. I'll down and look to the reſt of the Houſe.

Enter Luckleſs, Conſtance, *diſguis'd and Maſqu'd.*

Luc. Save you Sir. Are you the Worſhipful of the Houſe?

Bul. I apprehend you Sir.——

Luc. How Sir?——— *Draws.*

Bul. Miſtake me not I beſeech you. I apprehend you to be ſome great Stranger here: becauſe you know the Place better than the Maſter of it.

Luc. You do not mock me, Sir?

Bea. Sir, This is one of the Gueſts?

Non. Only ſalute 'em. Bid 'em welcome———

Luc. What's this?

Non. Tell 'em Sir *Paul* was haſtily call'd forth on his Majeſty's Affairs ——

Luc. Is this a Parrot, or a Magpy?

Non. Entreat their Patience till his return, which you know.

Luc. Do you know what you ſay, Sir?

Non. Will be very ſudden, altho you know not where he is——

Luc. If I did I would not ſeek him here, Sir.

Non. And ſo forth as Occaſion ſerves.

Luc. This is ſome enchanted Place, and the People are charm'd. I have miſtaken the Houſe ſure.

[*Enter* Tridewell *and* Fitchow *diſguis'd and Maſq'd.*

Tri. Wher's this hoſpitable Knight that invites Strangers. I mean meer Strangers, that he knows not. Shew me the Lad of Bounty, I hunger not for his Supper, as I do to ſalute him.

Luc. He will prove the greateſt Stranger here himſef I think, for he is not at home Sir. I am a Gueſt as you are, and would be as glad to ſee him.

Tri. He does not mean to jeer us, does he?

Bea. I beſeech you miſtake not his Purpoſe Sir: which is fair welcome, and good chear to you all. Therefore Gentlemen and Ladies, will it pleaſe you to entertain one another a while. [*Enter* Clerk *with Wine.*] Look ye, her's a glaſs of good Wine. And before the reſt of the Gueſts be come. Sir *Paul* will be here himſelf.

Luc. This Fellow ſpeaks.

[*Enter* Anvil, Widgin, Holdup, *and* Howdee, *disguis'd.*

Bul. As I am a Juſtice of Peace I cannot apprehend, and yet methinks I do. What ſort of People theſe Gentlemen may be. See more! Is Sir *Paul* turn'd Swaggerer? Or his houſe abus'd by Servants? I will not leave it, till they go out before me like a *Jail Delivery.* They look like men betwixt a Reprieve and Pardon: Friend, are theſe Sir *Pauls* elected Friends?

Bea. His Protected Friends Sir

Bul. Protected?

Bea. I Sir. There is a Fraternity of them. The Brothers of the *Protect.* There's not a man of 'em, but has all *Mayors, Sheriffs, Bayliffs, Sergeants at Mace, Marſhals men, Conſtables, and other his Majeſties Officers,* in a Comb-caſe in his pocket. They are a Generation that never eat but in Parliament time, and now every table is full of 'em.

Bul. I ſhould wonder, what they did here elſe. See a roaring Doctor too, broke out o' the Kings Bench.

Enter

Enter Pate *like a Doctor.*

Pat. By your leave Gallants. I perceive your Company is not yet full

Tri. Are you of the invited Sir?

Pat. It is not to be doubted Sir. Yet a Voluntary. But there are ſome without that are more then invited, yet come againſt their wills.

Luc. How mean you Mr. Doctor?

Pa. Brought Sir by a Conſtable and Officers, to be examin'd. Where's the jolly Juſtice?

Tri. What are they can ye tell Sir?

Pa. A Gentlewoman, and a Spaniard.

An. A Spaniard, Ha!

Pa. I, a Spaniard, Ha: if you will have it ſo:

Luc. If we had but a Juſtice among us to Examine 'em, it might paſs the time well, till Sir *Paul* came.

Bea, Sir, here is a Juſtice, and for the ſame purpoſe too, for ought we know, that ſhall not refuſe to do it, and in Sir *Pauls* Gown and Cap too.

Luc. This is a witty Fellow,

Bea. Sir, you cannot do a more acceptable Office for your Friend, than to excute his place in his abſence. Your Authority makes you capable for it; and I do the rather perſwade it, becauſe the Gentlemen who you wiſely ſuſpect for looſe perſons, may ſee ſome example of Juſtice; which may prevent ſome preſent Evil in their ſtay here.

Bul. I apprehend you Friend. Give me the Gown and Chair, and let the Delinquents approach. Hum! Hum!

Enter Vexhem, Squelch *like a Spaniard,* Trayn. Clerk.

Luc. 'Tis a *Spaniard* indeed.

Vex. An Engliſh *Spaniard,* Sir. And therefore the verier Knave? as will be prov'd I doubt not, to his ſhame, and my renown in the Common-wealth. By your Worſhip's leave.

Bul. What news bring you, Mr. Conſtable?

Vex. Spaniſh news Sir. Wil't pleaſe your Worſhip to examine the vertue of my Warrant, and then theſe Perſons accordingly?

Squ. Very good! I am brought before my ſelf to be examin'd, and before a fine Rabble too! how the Devil broke his unknown Nation into my houſe, or do not I miſtake it? My foolery has led me into a fine predicament. I will not yet diſcloſe my ſelf: But look a little further towards the event.

Bul. Are you a *Spaniard,* Sir?

Squ. Such a one as you ſee *Signior.*

Bul. Se Signior. He ſpeaks nothing but *Spaniſh.* The queſtion will be how we ſhall underſtand this Examinant?

Squ. Hey day!

Bul.

Bul. I do see Signior, I thank the Light, that you are a goodly man of outward parts, and except it were the Black Knight himself, or him with the Fistula, the propereſt Man I have ſeen of your Nation. They are a People of very ſpare Diet, I have heard, and therefore ſeldom fat. Sure you have had moſt of your Breeding in this Country, the Diet whereof you like better than your own, which makes you linger here, after all your Country-men, upon ſome odd Plot. And I ſhall wonder therefore how you can ſpeak no *Engliſh*. Can you ſpeak no *Engliſh* at all, Sir? Anſwer me, I pray.

Squ. Not an *Engliſh* Word not I, Sir. Alas I have not been five Days in the Kingdom.

Luc. This is excellent!

Tri. I, peace. You'll mar all if you laugh.

Bul. Alas, what ſhall we do then? Gentlemen, have any of you any *Spaniſh*, to help me to underſtand this ſtrange Stranger?

Tri. Not a Rial, Sir, not I.

Luc. Not a Rials worth amongſt us of any Language, but ſheer *Engliſh*.

Bul. What Shire of our Nation is next to *Spain*? Perhaps he may underſtand that Shire *Engliſh*.

Tri. *Devonſhire* or *Cornwall*, Sir.

Non. Never credit me, but I will ſpout ſome Corniſh at him. *Peden bras vidne whee bis cuegas.*

Squ. Am I transform'd utterly? Is my Language alter'd with my Apparel, or are you all mad? what unſpeakable Miſery is this?

Bul. I ſee we ſhall never underſtand, nor do good on him, till he be inſtructed in the *Engliſh* Tongue.

Vex. And pleaſe your Worſhip, the beſt Univerſity for this Purpoſe, will be *Bridewel*. I am acquainted with the beſt Tutors there, Mr. *Cleanwhip*, Mr. *Drilaſh*, and divers others.

Squ. You officious Raſcal, are you mad?

Vex. No ſuch matter, Sir. But in my right mind and *Middleſex*, fear it not.

Bul. It muſt be ſo. His Inſtruction will coſt little there, if he be not too old to learn. Therefore ſet him by, and let me fall upon the Gentlewoman.

Vex. Oh, he's rarely vext.

Bul. Now Gentlewoman, will it pleaſe you to be unmaſqu'd?

Tra. Yes Sir, look you, I dare ſhew my Face.

Bul. Miſtreſs *Trainwell*, as I apprehend.

Omnes. Miſtreſs *Trainwell*.

Squ. *Trainwell!*

Tra. Even ſhe, Gentlemen, as I will more circumſtantially reveal unto you preſently, after a word or two with my Fellow Priſoner, for which I crave your Favour.

Bul. With all my Heart, ſo you can ſpeak *Spaniſh*, and make him underſtand you.

Tra. You ſee I am not the Woman you took me for: but one ordain'd for your greater good. If you will give me my preſent Demand, I will turn all your Diſgrace into Laughter; make you of worthier Eſteem now at this inſtant, than ever you were, by the general Approbation of theſe, and all that know you beſide. Your Niece too ſhall be reſtor'd to your own liking, and all ſhall be as well as you can wiſh. Otherwiſe, if you have a mind to be everlaſtingly ſham'd, by being perpetually laught at, take your own courſe, I'll take mine.

Squ. I am aſtoniſh'd. What is your Demand?

Tra. Whereas your Purpoſe was to make a Whore. Make me your honeſt Wife; no more. Be ſudden in your Reſolve, all will be naught elſe.

Squ. I am in a miſchievous ſtreight then. *Redime te captum.* Thy Wit deſerves my Love. I'll do't; here's my Hand and Faith, I'll do't. Thou art mine, and I am thine directly.

Tra. Then heark you, Sir.

Tri.

Tri. Sir, what will you ſay, if this Gentlewoman convert the *Spaniard*, turn him true *Engliſh* Subject, and preſent him to you with the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy in his Mouth preſently?

Bul. I will ſay, ſhe deſerves for ever hereafter to hold her Peace.

Tra. Now bear up Sir. Look confidently, and ſay, you put on your Diſguiſe purpoſely, to entertain diſguis'd Gueſts. Come avant with your *Picca de goat*, and begin with the Juſtice here.

Squ. Thou haſt made me a Man for ever, and I will make thee a Woman directly. Gallants ſave you. See here the *Metamorphoſis*, that means to metamorphoſe you all. Alas I know you for all your Diſguiſes, and thought to entertain you in your kind.

Omnes. Sir *Paul Squelch!*

Squ. Firſt out of you, my Uſurper, and moſt Upſtartical Juſtice, whoſe Office is your Trade, and Clerk your Prentice, I will draw a Man of little or no Moment, yet my Friend, and Mr. *Bulfinch*, out of the Chair of Juſtice: This may prognoſticate the putting of my ſelf, or many others out of Commiſſion within theſe few years; though I am no Prophet. Do I ſpeak *Engliſh* now? Do I know you now, or you me?

Bul. Queſtionleſs, we ſhould know one another, Sir *Paul*: or elſe one of us two were both very Ignorant.

Squ. To proceed in my *Metamorphoſis*. I will change you, moſt confus'd Roarer, into an Accompliſh'd Knight. And bid you welcome, noble Sir *Philip Luckleſs*.

Luc. I like the Change well, and thank you Sir.

Squ. Next Sir of you Roarer, or Jeerer, or whatſoever you are, I will make a compleat Gentleman, moſt anſwe-able to your Name, Mr. *Tridewel*. *Tri.* Very well, Sir.

Squ. But out of you, Mr. Doctor, I will pick a certain Knave. Where is my Niece, Sirrah?

Pa. Which of your Nieces, Sir?

Squ. Have I ſo many Sir? I mean my only one, *Conſtance*, find her me, or I will tranſlate you out of an *Æſculapian* Cock, into a *Newgate* Bird immediately.

Wid. Sir, if you will *Metamorphoſe* me out of a Batchelor, into a Bridegroom, I'll ſhew you your Niece.

Squ. This my Niece?

Vex. O have I found you Miſtreſs? Sir this is the Gentlewoman I brought before your Worſhip to day.

Squ. Hold thy Peace; art in thy right Mind?

Vex. As I am in my right Mind and *Middleſex*, it is ſhe, Sir. I had not Matter enough then to lay to her Charge; for which I thank your Worſhip, I kiſs'd *Newgate*. But now I have Sir; ſhe has left a Child upon our Pariſh, I am ſure got by an unknown Father; and has been a looſe Liver, both at *Duke Humfreys*, and moſt of the Wink'd-at Houſes about the Town theſe four years: which I can ſufficiently prove.

Squ. Hold thy Peace Knave. I'll put theſe Plums i' thy Mouth elſe. [*Gives him Gold.*

Hold. Sir, my Child ſhall trouble your Pariſh no longer, here is a Father, my troth-plight Husband, ſufficient to keep it and me, wilt thou not Duck?

Wid. Duck? my Name is *Widgin*, you miſtake the Man ſure.

Hold. Sure I don't. This Gentleman, and this Gentlewoman, and this truſty Servant of ours, are my Witneſſes, I am your Wife, Sir.

Wid. O I am undone, quite caſt away. Siſter, help me now with your Law Wit, or I periſh for ever.

Fit. This is not to be endur'd: cheating, and vile Abuſe. This Contract cannot be lawful: One Perſon miſtaken for another, a lawful Impediment to be divorc'd for, tho' they were Married.

Tri. It might do well, if (as he confeſſes himſelf) he had not made all too ſure, as well within as without.

Squ. Sir *Philip*, while they wrangle out their Cauſe, let us agree: Find you but the means to make her lawfully your Wife, and here take her with with my Faithful Promiſe, of the equal half of my Eſtate preſently.

Luc.

Luc. Sir *Paul* I thank you.

Fit. I say this is no lawful Contract: And though we are legally divorc'd, yet neither he nor I, may lawfully marry, while we both live, having been lawfully married. And till you can disprove that, Sir, I'll forbid your Banes, good Sir *Philip*, and lay your Hopes a cooling. Friendly Mr. *Tridewel*, for your love in managing this Business.

Tri. Lady give me leave, if I have strain'd a point of Friendship, it was your Love gave the Strength to my Wit.

Fit. My Love?

Tri. Your Love indeed Lady. Which (and which *Cupid* pardon me for) now, that I see I may enjoy, I am not so eagerly taken with; yet if you will---

Fit. Sir you cannot enjoy me, nor he her, less you can disprove the Lawfulness of our former Marriage.

Tri. To clear that Point, do you know the Minister?

Fit. 'Tis not so long since, but I can remember his Face.

Tri. Then to continue Sir *Paul*'s *Metamorphosis*: I'll draw him out of this Doctor. Is not this he? [*Discovers* Pate *like a Parson.*

Fit. It is. But is not he a lawful Minister? I would know that.

Pate. To clear that Doubt, there lies my *Order of Priesthood.*

Omnes. Who, *Oliver!* ---- *Throws off his Disguise.*

Pate. Even he, the Parson *Nochurch*, and this my Patron, whom I must beseech, together with the whole Company, to preserve me out of the high Commission; for look you, here is again your Licence.

Fit. Would you do this, Mr. *Tridewel?*

Tri. Faith I foresaw an Untowardness in the Match: which if you repent the Breach of, there's your Licence; and the way to Church lies before you.

Fit. No Sir. First get my Brother free of his Contract, and then a Licence with your own Name, and I'll wait on you to Church, as soon as you will.

Tri. O that's done already. What are you agreed.

Wid. Most happily Sir, Sister all's well again. I have given her a hundred Pound to relinquish her right in me. Which afore all these Witnesses you do; do you not?

Hol. Yes most freely.

Wid. Well then, I will not forswear to marry: But if ever I steal a Wife again, let her be a Witch, and may I burn with her for Company. Governour thou art out of Countenance, and thou too honest *Humfrey*, methinks. Come bear up, I forgive. 'Twas your Errors, not Malice.

How. Sir, for my part, I'll take my Corporal Oath----

Wid. It shall not need good *Humphry.*

Anv. And for me Sir-----

Wid. Nay, I dare not but believe thee before thou speakest Governour: therefore prithee let's not talk on't our selves, but quietly and presently begin our Travels, that we may hear no body else talk on't.

Squ. Gentlemen and Ladies, I see you all at Peace so well, that I wish no further Content to any, except Mr. *Nonsense* here.

Nons. Never credit me, but I have had sport enough of Conscience, and if I do not make a Stage Play on't, when I come into *Cornwall*: I protest and vow then say there was *Nonsense* in this.

Squ. I am glad you conclude so friendly with the rest. All the Unquietness will be in the Kitchin presently. If your Meat stay for you Gallants. *Knock within.* 'Twas time to speak. They knock at Dresser already. Will ye in?

You are all welcome: And I wish each Guest,
As merry, as our Northern Lasses *Feast.*

FINIS.